No. 205
March '79

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NUMBER 205 MARCH 1979

MAD

"A miser is tough to live with, but he makes a terrific ancestor!"
— Alfred E. Neuman

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DAVID FRAZIER *subscriptions*

CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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MAD—March, 1979. Volume 1, No. 205. Published monthly except February, May, August and November, by E. C. Publications, Inc., 485 MADison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Second Class Postage paid at New York, N.Y. Subscription in U.S.A., 15 issues $9.00. Outside U.S.A., 15 issues $10.00. Allow 10 weeks for change of address to become effective, and include mailing label when making change of address or inquiring about your subscription.
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ONLY A LIMITED AMOUNT LEFT!

Yep, there's only a limited amount of space left in this column . . . but just enough to remind you that full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid—suitable for framing or wrapping fish or training pups or lining bird cages—are still available! All you have to do is mail 35¢ for one, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81 to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

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William M. Gaines, Publisher

MAD'S "STAR WARS" MUSICAL

Tsk Tsk Tsk. You guys made a slight mistake in your "Star Wars Musical". You have Luke Skywalker and Artoo-Detoo flying off from the Death Star in a Tie-Fighter. That's what Darth Vader Zoomed around in. Luke flew in an X-wing Fighter. Aside from that, the Force was clearly with you in your musical.

David Wiechorek
Paris, Ontario,
Canada

I never know when you're fooling, MAD! That mix-up in fighters; was that intentional, or an error, or an intentional error?

Chris Motley
Dallas, Texas

I don't want to tell you FORCEfully, but, you made a galactic-sized mistake!

Katherine McKie
Edmonton, Alberta,
Canada

I hope you're planning to award a prize to the one-millionth reader to write in about your "wrong fighter" goof. Consider me registered. Other than that, my only carp is that "Star Wars Musical" was too short. I hadn't read MAD in years and now know what's been missing in life.

Linda Osborne Blood
Scarsdale, New York

We were shocked, too, until we learned that Mort Drucker is an avowed Darth Vader disciple! —Ed.

IF FREEDOM OF THE PRESS APPLIED TO HIGH SCHOOL PAPERS

The last time I stopped by the Annette Funicello Memorial High School Weekly Muckraker newspaper office, all the typewriters had been stolen. Obviously, by the Principal and Faculty.

Shari Miller
East Orange, N. J.

In reference to your editorial comment in your "High School Newspaper", it is my opinion there is enough vandalism in our public schools today. You had better watch your step, Mr. Neuman. I am seriously considering filing a libel suit against you in behalf of the City of New York.

Edward O. Koch
Mayor, City Hall
New York, New York

A LOOK AT THE CLOROX COMMERCIAL

The De Bartolo-Rickard "Clorox Commercial" put me through the whole cycle; wash, rinse, spin, dry, and Bazerko.

Chris Nessinger
Gilroy, Calif.

De Bartolo's "A MAD Look At The 'Clorox' Commercial" is brighter, much more brighter, and fresher-smelling than all your other articles.

Don Flynn
Williamson, N.Y.

A "SATURDAY NIGHT FEEBLE" ENCORE

Thanks to Mort Drucker and Arnie Kogen for casting me as "Stepfunny Mandingy" in "Saturday Night Feeble". For years I've dreamed of being immortalized in your turkey magazine and the truth is that's the *real reason* I made the film. I hope my first record album, which I'm completing in London at the present time, will suffer the same fate. It is composed of all my original songs and I'm sure it will merit a divine MAD-attack!

Karen Lynn Gorney
London, England

"Stepfunny" to "Singfunny"?

IF SESAME STREET BRANCHED OUT INTO SPECIALIZED AVENUES OF EDUCATION

Davis and Jacobs missed one area when they made "If Sesame Street Branched Out Into Specialized Avenues Of Education". They forgot Political Street. That's where the kids can learn new words like Watergate and Koreagate and cover-ups and break-ins and pay-offs and double-crosses. I guess they didn't use Political Street because Mafia Street is almost identical.

Fred Merf
Chico, Calif.

FANTASY "BUY" LAND

Angelo Torres didn't come up short with his masterful drawings of "Ratchew". Clever how he receded and lowered the rest of the "Fantasy Island" characters to give him headroom. Angelo is your most consistent artist, and that's no fantasy!

Tony Muratori
Hammond, Ind.

I really "bought" Silverstone's "Fantasy 'Buy' Land"!

Bob Zarum
Bethel Park, Pa.

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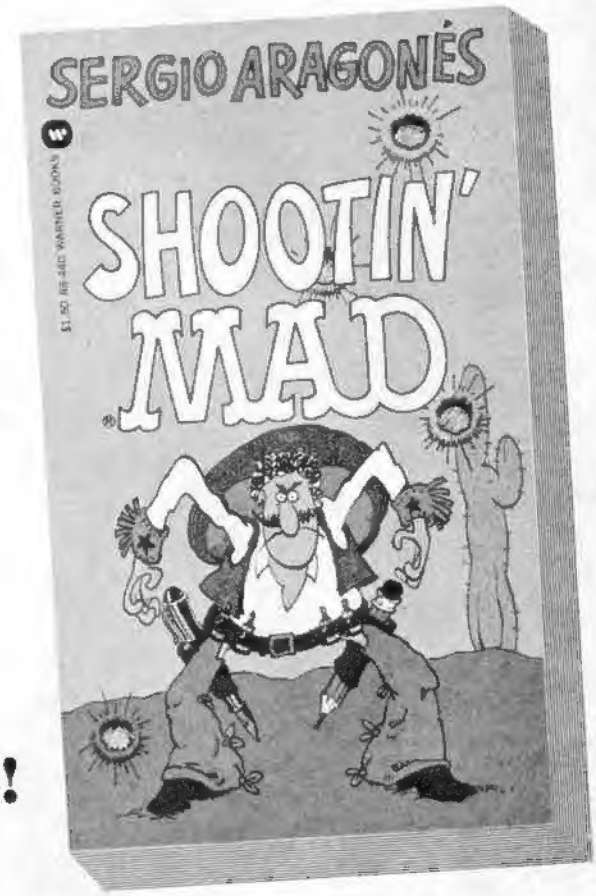

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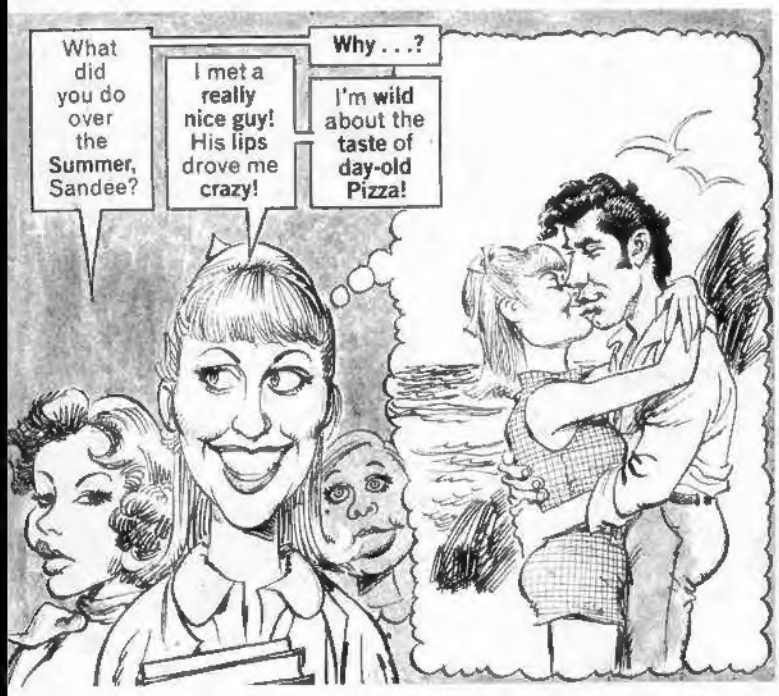
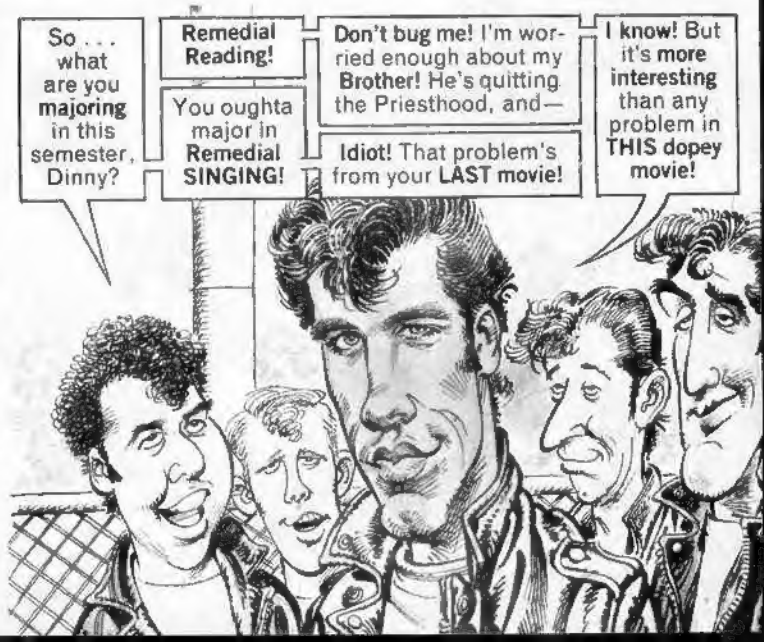
THE OILY FIFTIES DEPT.

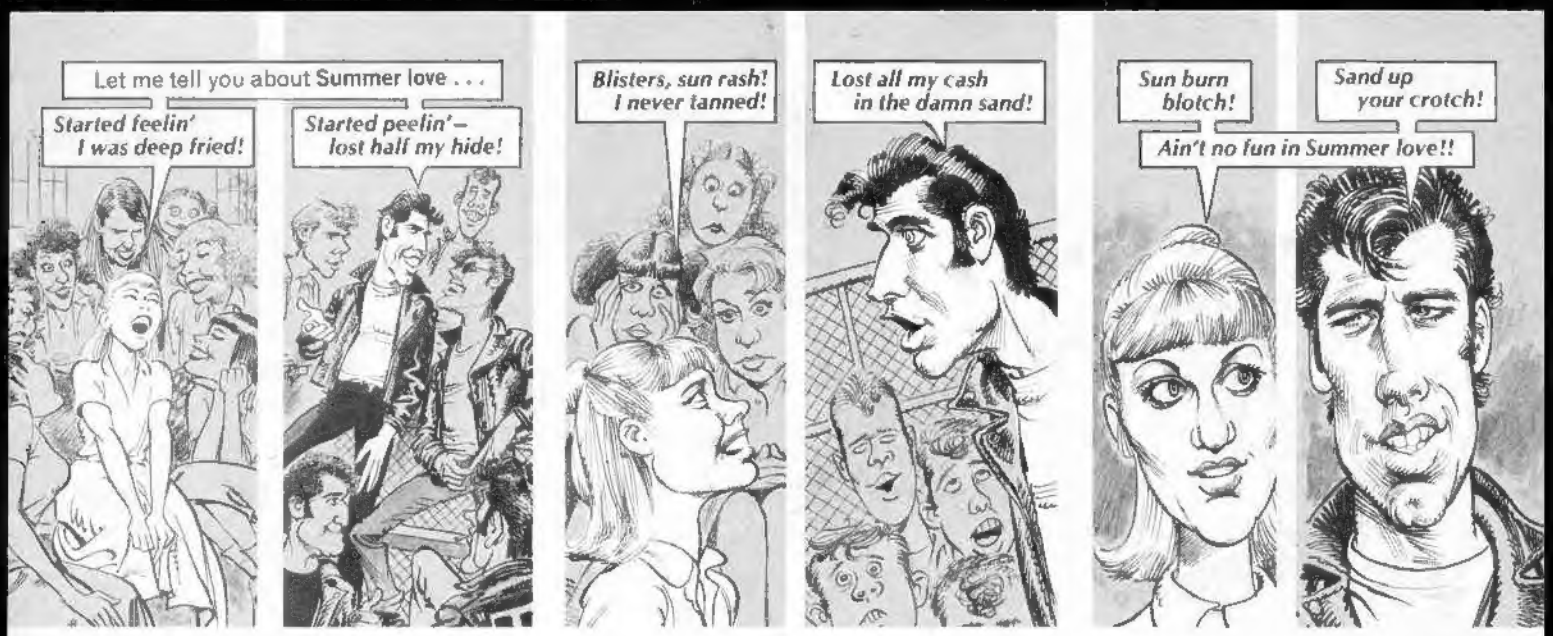
BOY ARE WE SICK AND TIRED OF MOVIES THAT TRY AND TELL US HOW MARVELOUS THINGS WERE BACK IN THE FIFTIES! ONCE AND FOR ALL, WE'D LIKE THEM TO....

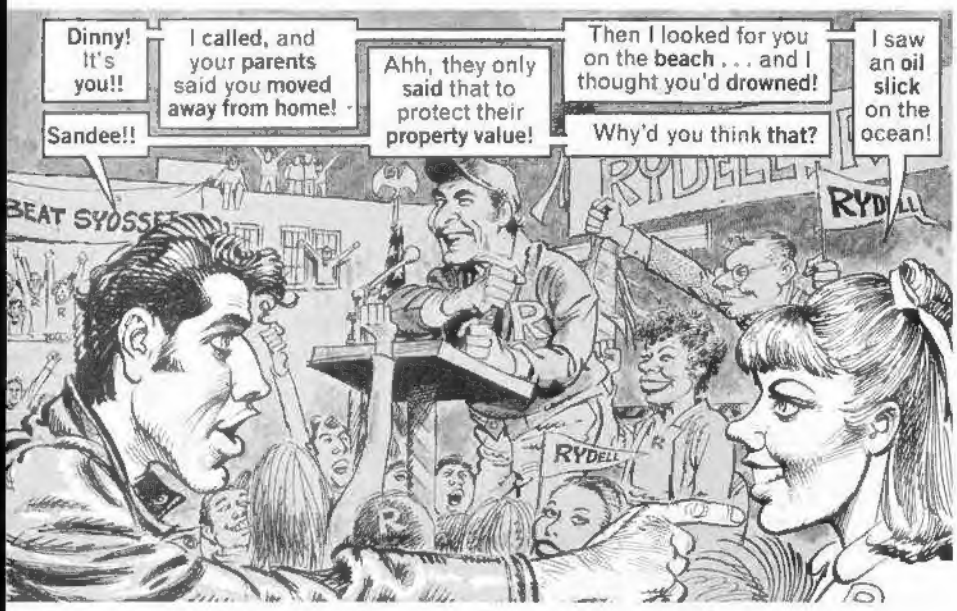
CEASE



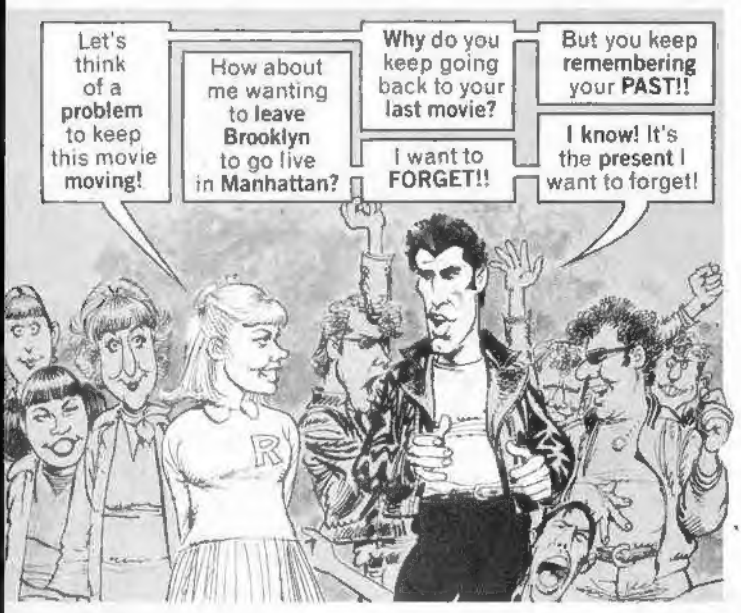
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: STAN HART




Let me tell you about Summer love . . .
Started feelin' I was deep fried!
Started peelin'– lost half my hide!
Blisters, sun rash! I never tanned!
Lost all my cash in the damn sand!
Sun burn blotch!
Sand up your crotch!
Ain't no fun in Summer love!!


Dinny! It's you!!
Sandee!!
I called, and your parents said you moved away from home!
Ahh, they only said that to protect their property value!
Then I looked for you on the beach . . . and I thought you'd drowned!
Why'd you think that?
I saw an oil slick on the ocean!
BEAT SYOSSET
RYDELL

Isn't it lucky we met again?!
Lucky for us, but not for this picture!
How come?
Because we had our big emotional scenes in the first two minutes! What's left?!?


Let's think of a problem to keep this movie moving!
How about me wanting to leave Brooklyn to go live in Manhattan?
Why do you keep going back to your last movie?
I want to FORGET!!
But you keep remembering your PAST!!
I know! It's the present I want to forget!

The guys are watchin' me! I better be mean and cruel to her . . .
Hey, chick! Get lost!
Why is he so cruel to me?
He's embarrassed to have the guys think he's in love with a girl!
And it's less embarrassing if they think he's in love with a GUY?!?

ACUPUNCTURE

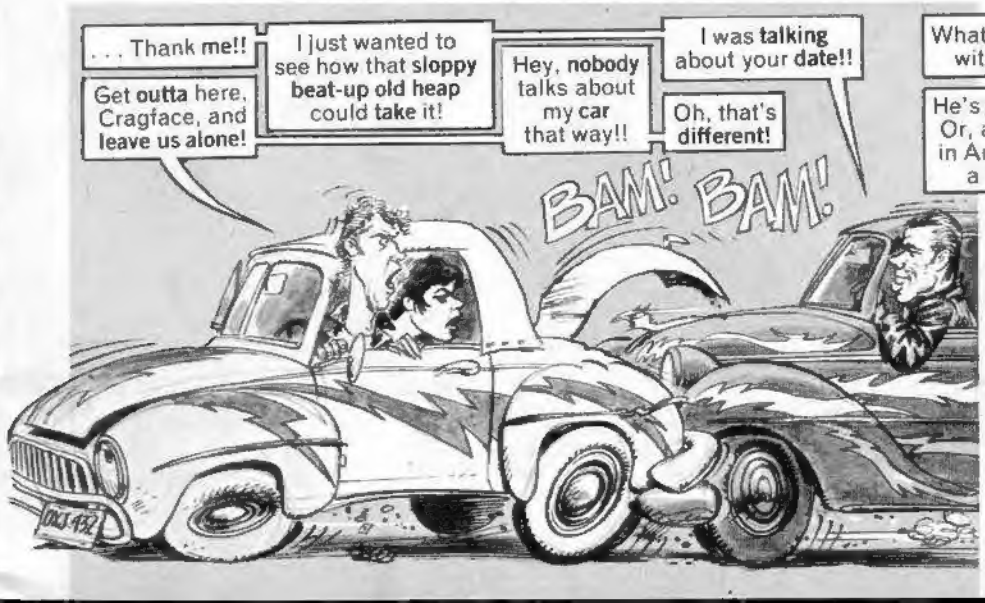
I got an offer to go into films!
Yeah!! VD films! for the Army!
I admire Wizzo for staying in school!
Yeah! She's staying until graduation or menopause, whichever comes first!!

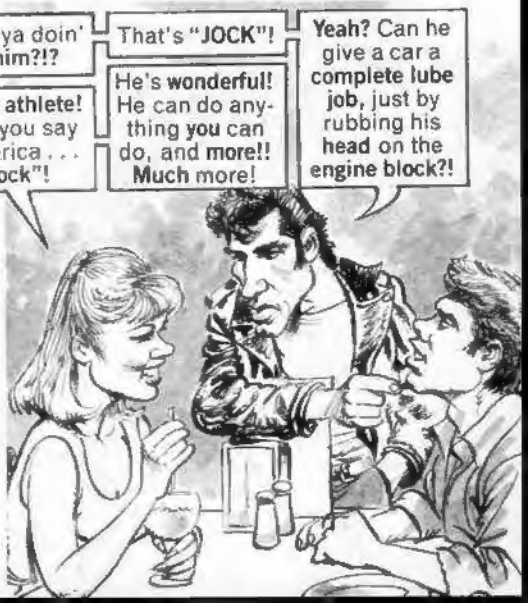
Here am I, I'm apple pie; Wholesome 'til the day I die; There is no doubt; This dish just won't make out; This dish is apple pie!
It's for sure I'm virgin pure; And I'll never take the cure; I'll just say "Nope!"– And be like Ivory Soap; Forever virgin pure!

Are you making fun of me?
I didn't know you were there!
Will you please stop standing in front of white walls!

Kenocker, I'll give you everything, but . . .!
Everything, but what??
Everything, but resistance!

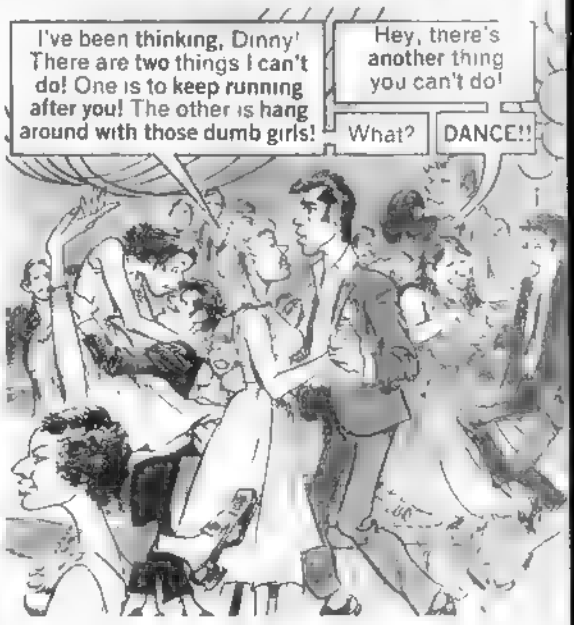
Oh, Kenocker, you sure are terrific at making love!!
Don't thank him . . .!


. . . Thank me!!
Get outta here, Cragface, and leave us alone!
I just wanted to see how that sloppy beat-up old heap could take it!
Hey, nobody talks about my car that way!!
I was talking about your date!!
Oh, that's different!
BAM! BAM!

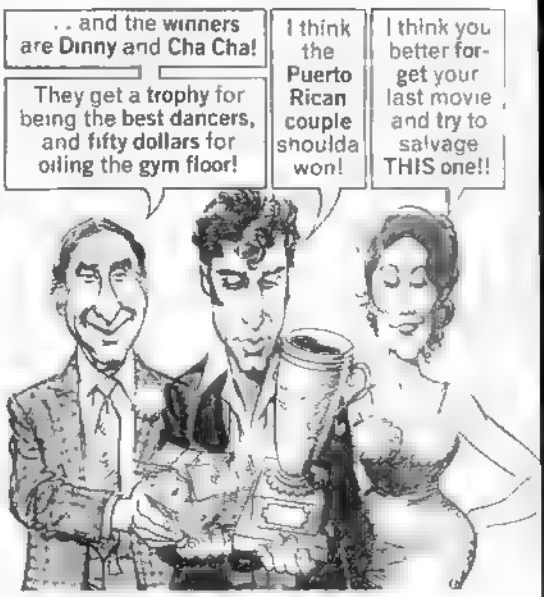

Whatchya doin' with him?!?
That's "JOCK"!
Yeah? Can he give a car a complete lube job, just by rubbing his head on the engine block?!
He's an athlete! Or, as you say in America . . . a "Yock"!
He's wonderful! He can do anything you can do, and more!! Much more!

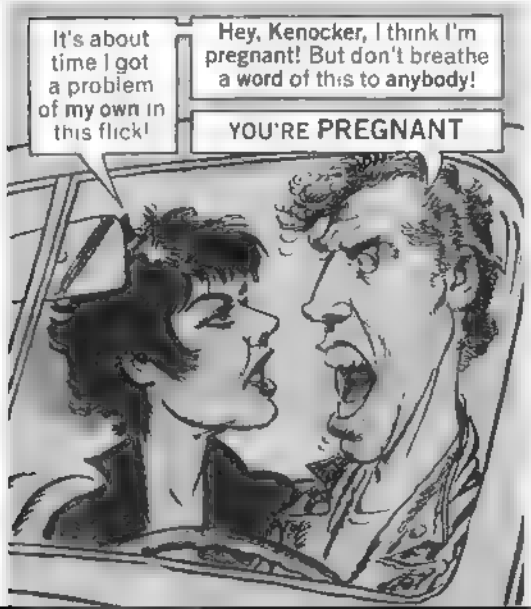
I'm here because I want to be a star athlete!
Why? You're already the Champion Disco Dancer!!
That was in my last picture!!
Ah-hah! I knew I liked you in SOMETHING . . .
. . . and THIS picture sure ain't it!
Hey! We gonna wrestle . . . or are we gonna chat?!?
Wrestle!
RYDEL
Hey! Why didn't you wipe him off before we started?!
What? And ruin a dozen towels?!
I'm gonna clear 15 feet!
Better you should clear your complexion!
Hey! What happened?
You wiped your hands on your hair before you vaulted!
Are you hurt . . .?
I forgive you!
We'll just have to find something terrible to fight about!
Nahh! Gee, Sandee, I'm sorry I was nasty to you before!
Just like that? Now what are we gonna do for the rest of the movie?
Okay! How about your acting?!?
Dinny . . . I wash my hands of you!
You'll have to use scouring powder and steel wool!!
I know what you want! You're just like all the other guys! I can see right through you!
Look who's talking!
I quit High School and I went to a "Special Training" school, but I'm not happy there, either!
Why are you telling me all this?
It's a neat way of introducing another song and a guest spot . . .!
In that case, go on! What school were you going to?
"Obedience Training" school!
Hey . . .! Isn't that Frankie Avalon?!?
Hey, Frankie!
I thought you DIED!!
I didn't die! My CAREER did!!
MENU

Dog-gie School drop out! All the dogs were smarter than you! Dog-gie School drop out! You couldn't do what doggies do!
You failed "fetch" and "sit" and even "heel"! And now, they're all complaining! You left school in such and awful mess, When you flunked "paper training"!
That does it! I'm gonna go where no one will NOTICE how stupid I am! I'm going back to Riddle High!
Gee, her problem gets solved almost as fast as Dinny and Sandee's!


I've been thinking, Dinny! There are two things I can't do! One is to keep running after you! The other is hang around with those dumb girls!
Hey, there's another thing you can't do!
What?
DANCE!!

Hello, Dinny! I've missed you! Remember when we used to bounce on my bed?!?
When you were kids together??
I'm talking about when we made out together!!
Well, it's time to get angry at you again, Dinny! Good-bye!!
WANNA DANCE?


. . and the winners are Dinny and Cha Cha!
They get a trophy for being the best dancers, and fifty dollars for oiling the gym floor!
I think the Puerto Rican couple shoulda won!
I think you better forget your last movie and try to salvage THIS one!!

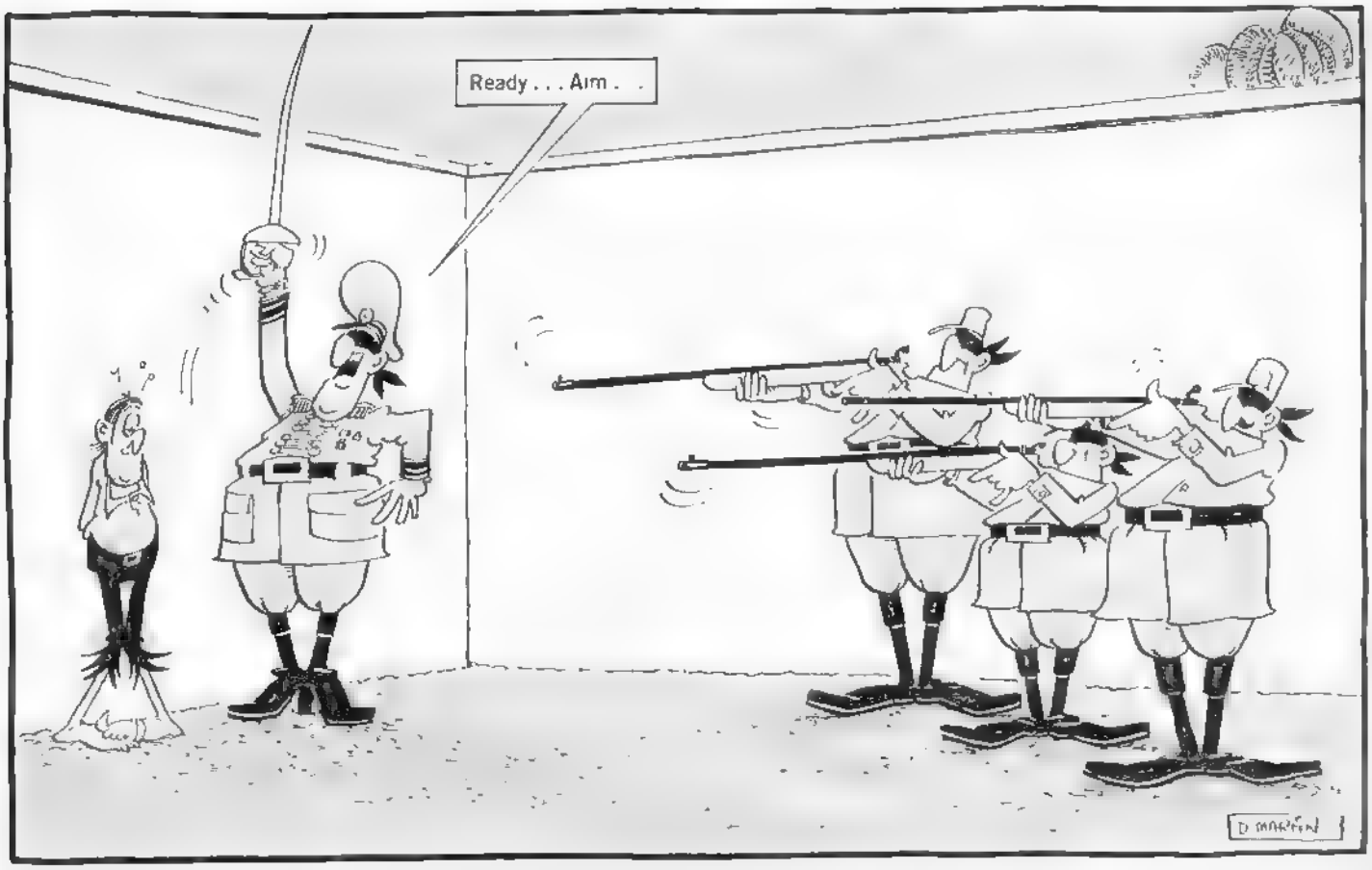

It's about time I got a problem of my own in this flick!
Hey, Kenocker, I think I'm pregnant! But don't breathe a word of this to anybody!
YOU'RE PREGNANT

Hey! Wizzo's knocked up!
Oh-oh! I'm leavin' town!
The whole town is leavin' town!!
Why'd you have to do THAT for!?
I never saw a stampede before!
What'll this do to my reputation?!
Confirm it!!

You really think you can beat Cragface in a car race . . .?
Sure! I'll burn rubber when I start . . . zig-zag around the traffic lights . . . cut him off . . and ram him!
Think you can do all that??
Why not?! I DID IT on my Driver's Test!!
Amazing! I never saw anything like that!!
Ahhh, I see that kind of thing plenty!
Really? When??
When the kids try to get a spot in the High School parking lot!!
You won, Dinny! You won!
You're fabulous, Dinny! Make out with me!
Make out with ME!
No, ME!
Sorry! I'm saving myself till I'm married!
And when you're married?
THEN, I'll make out with ALL of you!!
I love him, and I'm going to change for him! That's the moral in this movie! In order to get the guy you love . . .
You have to be a SLUT!! What a wonderful message for the youth of America!!
Hi, there, Stud! What's happenin'?
Oh, wow, Sandee! Is that YOU?!
You bet your buns, lover!
That's fantastic! Just a minute ago, you were a dull, bland virgin! Now, you're a dull, bland slut!
Guess what, Kenocker! I'm not pregnant!
Ahhh, who cares!!
These were the fif-ties, when Things were really great and Folks weren't goin' nuts! Kids then were nifties, with Girls in clingy sweaters and Guys in duck-tail hair cuts! Life was a Saturday night prom date! That's the way it was then!
But we won't men-tion the People like McCarthy and Crazies like him around! And Cold War tension, with War in South Korea and Bomb shelters underground! Things now are A helluva lot better Than the way it was then!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

EARLY ONE MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA



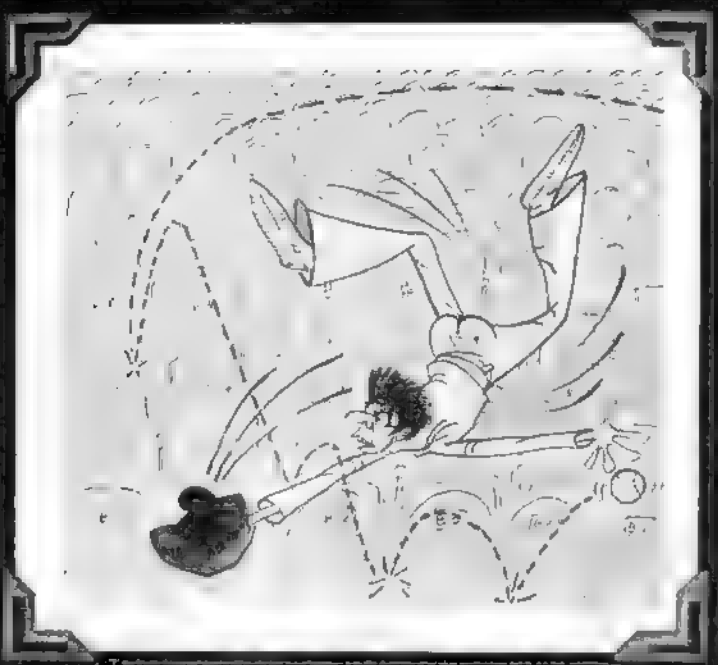
UNDERPLAY-BY-PLAY DEPT.

SINCE, LIKE US, YOU'RE PROBABLY UP TO HERE WITH THOSE TIRESOME CAN

MAD'S Candid Sn Insignificant Mo

DELAYED START OF INTERNATIONAL WATER POLO MATCH BETWEEN SAUDI ARABIA AND THE SUDAN

SIMPLE POP FLY DURING SING SING ANNUAL INTERMURAL BASEBALL GAME



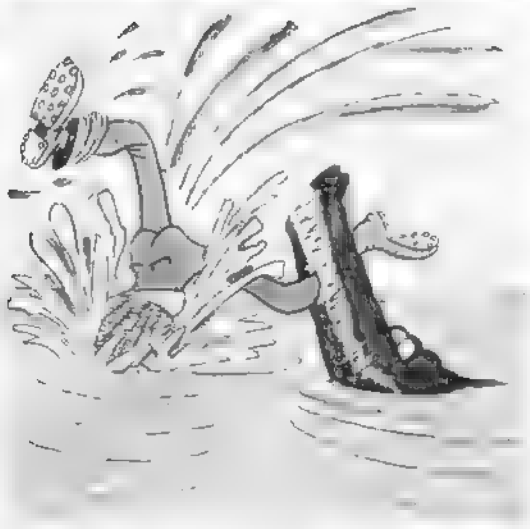
ONE-MAN SCRAMBLE FOR FOUL BALL DURING LATE SEASON BLUE JAYS—MARINERS GAME

WINNER'S VICTORY LAP AT THE 1975 AKRON DEMOLITION DERBY

DID SNAPSHOTS OF "GREAT MOMENTS IN SPORTS", WE NOW PRESENT—

apshots Of Some ments In Sports

FANS DISAGREEING WITH REFEREE'S CALL AT SOUTH AMERICAN SOCCER CHAMPIONSHIP



BIG UPSET DURING ANNUAL OKEFENOKEE SWAMP GATOR-WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP

ARTIST & WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES

BANTAMWEIGHT CONTENDER MISTAKINGLY USING HEAVYWEIGHT'S MOUTHPIECE AT GOLDEN GLOVES

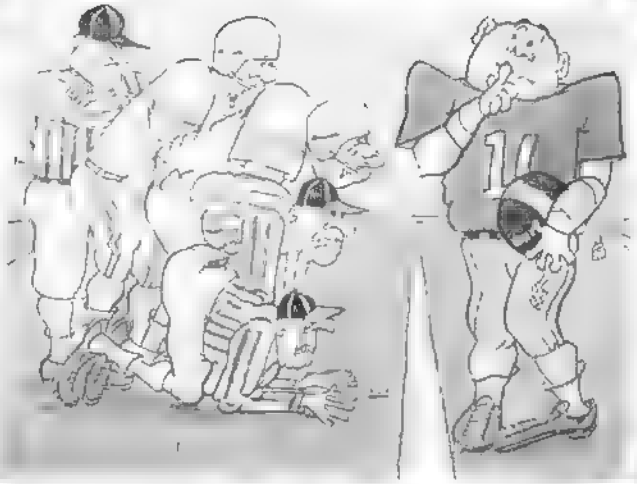
JUMP BALL AT THE ANNUAL BROOKLYN CO-ED INTERFAITH BASKETBALL GAME

GOLF PRO IN ROUGH DURING AMAZON OPEN

U.S. BOBSLED TEAM TAKING A COFFEE BREAK

DISTRACTED NET JUDGE DURING FINALS AT THE WARSAW LAWN TENNIS INVITATIONALS

RELEASE OF PIGEONS AT CEREMONY OPENING THE XVIII OLYMPIC GAMES



DELAYED CALL GIANTS-DOLPHINS COIN TOSS

INTRODUCTION OF ICE HOCKEY'S OLD TIMERS

Every year, our government spends millions of dollars buying stuff. And every day, we hear about millions of dollars spent on stuff that was later discovered to be no good. Well, since it's our tax money that's being wasted, we at MAD feel that the government should be forced to shop more wisely. And what do many wise shoppers use to help them make their shopping decisions? "Consumer Reports"—the marvelous magazine that tests and rates almost every product offered for sale in this great country of ours. MAD therefore proposes that "Consumer Reports" take that much-needed step in their campaign to protect us little guys, and eliminate the costly mistakes made by government purchasing agencies with this special edition of their magazine:

CONSUMER REPORTS

MARCH 1979
A PUBLICATION OF
CONSUMERS UNION
NO ADVERTISING
NO LOBBYING AND
NO GRAFT PAY OFFS

FOR GOVERNMENT PURCHASING AGENCIES

In This Issue

SIX NEW AIRCRAFT CARRIERS
Which One Is The Best Buy?

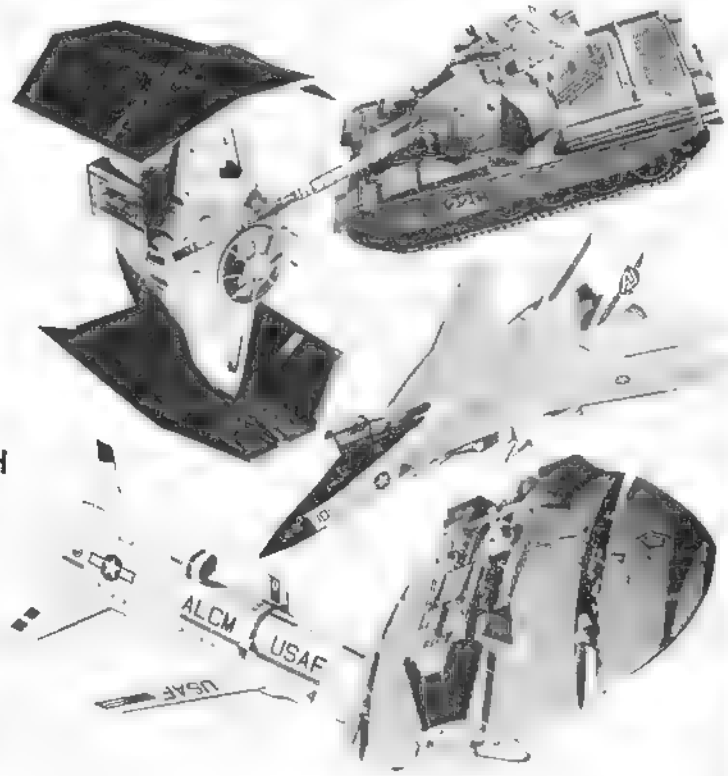
THE LM2500 NUCLEAR POWERED NATO HYDROFOIL MISSILE SHIP
Is It A Sea-Going Edsel?

GENERAL ELECTRIC
Their Refrigerators Are Okay, But What About Their New FFG-7 Supersonic Jet Engines?

MARS—240 MILLION MILES FROM EARTH
What's The Cheapest Way To Get There?

THE AIR FORCE'S NEW T-44-A ADVANCED MULTI-JET TRAINER
Performance Is Acceptable—But What About That Warranty?

NEW ICBM NUCLEAR WARHEADS
Are They Worth The Money?



PLUS...CRGPA RATINGS ON THE LATEST WAR MOVIES
SILOS THAT HOLD OVER 20 MILLION TONS OF GRAIN
AUTOMATIC SIGNATURE-SIGNERS FOR POLITICIANS
TWO NEW SUPERTANKERS—ONE THAT COST 100 MILLION WAS AS GOOD AS ONE THAT COST OVER 130 MILLION

WRITER: DICK DEBARTOLO

Six New Aircraft Carriers

When the government goes out and plunks down two billion dollars of hard-earned cash (hard earned for the tax-payer, easily plunked down for the government), it should know what it's getting for its money. For this report, we rounded up six new aircraft carriers and put them through their paces. Well, actually, we tried to put them through their paces. Quite frankly, two billion dollars doesn't buy the kind of quality that it used to!

Aircraft carriers range in length from under 500 feet to over 1000 feet, but for simplicity's sake, we've grouped them as "Large," "Very Large" and "Humongus". The list of options was staggering. There were pages and pages of them. The buyer had his choice of propulsions, communication centers, electronic warfare equipment, catapults, elevators, arresting gear, etc. In each case, we chose what we thought was good value for the money. Fortunately, choice of color was a lot easier. In every case, it was battleship gray.

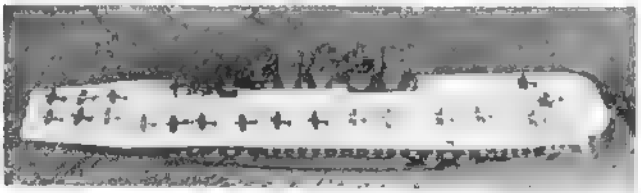
In order to test these aircraft carriers fairly, we sent out a member of our staff posing as a Dictator of a small emerging nation. He purchased six different carriers. Upon receiving the carriers, we ran them each for a period of six months, using them in both calm and rough seas. From time to time, we wiped small villages off the face of the earth in order to test their war capabilities. Here, then is a summary of what we found.

RATINGS
AIRCRAFT CARRIERS

Acceptable

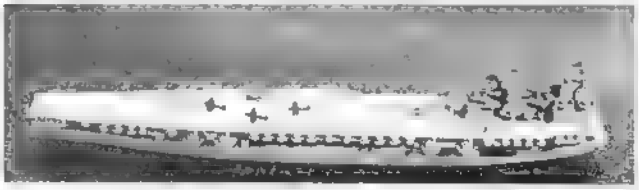
UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT CARRIER

This vessel was large, roomy and comfortable and was preferred by a most all our test staff members. Although it had plenty of military equipment such as blast shields, life nets, mid-sea fueling stations, dual landing pads, sonar etc. it received extra points because it also had four restaurants, two movie theaters, a laundromat, a gym, a bowling alley and closed circuit TV. List price $2,900,000.00. Staff paid $2,499,999.99 at a January Gray Sale.



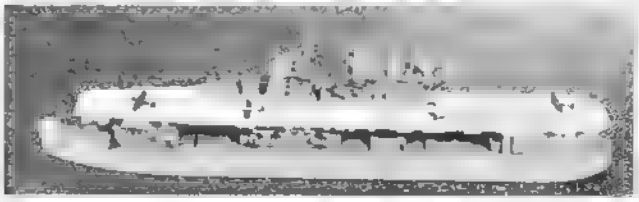
RUSSIAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER

The Russian entry was the lowest priced carrier in the test, only $1,067,000.00 *including* postage, which cost up to $450,000 on some of the other carriers. Although the construction of the hull itself seemed quite substantial, it lacked many of the niceties of the U.S. entry. The entertainment complex on this ship consisted of a slide projector and a box of out-dated magazines. Also, the low, low price was reflected in the absence of instrumentation on the control bridge.



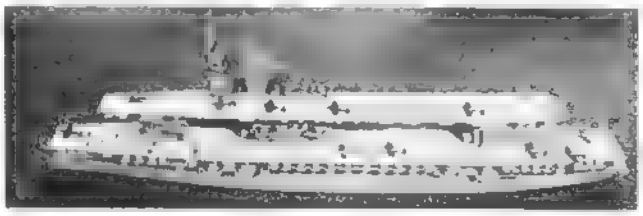
JAPANESE AIRCRAFT CARRIER

The Japanese entry seemed to be the best dollar value, but with 4,789 gauges labeled with things like 現 and 利, we were unable to test it thoroughly. As a matter of fact, we had to call off our tests when we pushed a control that we thought was "forward" and the vessel filled with water and sunk at dockside.



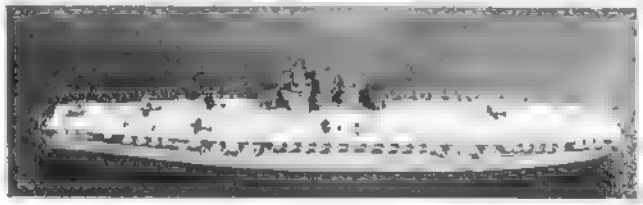
ENGLISH/FRENCH AIRCRAFT CARRIER

Still not ready for testing at press time, the English and French are trying to equal their accomplishment with the "Concorde SST" by designing an aircraft carrier that can cruise at 1000 knots an hour. However, it has two drawbacks that we can see so far. It will only carry ten sailors, and a very small Piper Cub. In addition, delivery time has been moved to the year 2003, and at our last check with the factory we were informed that they were about 14 years behind in making that delivery date.



ITALIAN AIRCRAFT CARRIER

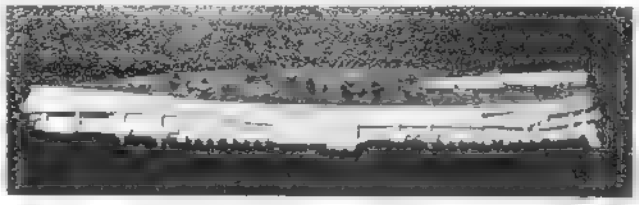
The Italian entry had some novel innovations. Among them was a large room large enough to land enemy aircraft and discuss matters over some serious wine-tasting. Also, it had capacity to make pizza for 8000 men at a sitting.



Not Acceptable

POLISH AIRCRAFT CARRIER

At first, the Polish entry seemed to be the very best of the lot. Landing planes on the flight deck was a snap. It had the widest and longest deck of all the carriers tested. Furthermore, the deck had no dangerous obstacles for planes to hit on take-off or landing. About the sixth day of the test, we learned why. The Polish Aircraft Carrier floats upside-down in the water!



Latest Spy Equipment

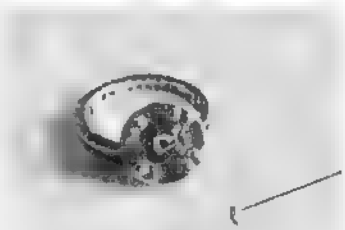
It is vital for some government agencies to stock and use spy equipment such as mini-tape recorders and sub-sub-compact cameras. This is done, of course, for national security, as well as for laughs.

For this test, we gathered up all the sub-miniature equipment we could find. However, much of it was so small, it was lost during the tests. Our mail department, for example, threw out a lot of it by mistake along with the packing cases it came in. And our cleaning people accidentally threw out even more of it. As you can gather, we're talking about *really small* equipment! Here, then, are the test results of the stuff we were able to keep track of.

RATINGS
LATEST SPY EQUIPMENT

Sub-Sub-Compact Cameras

THE FINSTER RING-O-MATIC

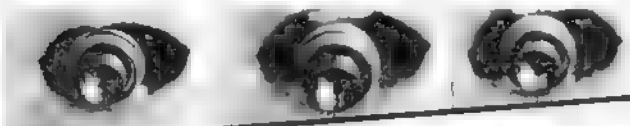


Here is a miniature camera designed as a ring. As you can imagine, loading and unloading the film in a camera this size can be difficult. To show you how small the film actually is, look at this photo of an ordinary pin. A six-pack of film for the **Ring-O-Matic** is *under* that pin. The pictures turned out by the **Ring-O-Matic** were very small. However, if you order the "Super Gigantic Poster-Sized Enlargements," the prints were 1 inch by 1 inch. The camera is fired automatically when the wearer claps his or her hands together. This eliminates cocking the shutter and pushing a shutter button for each picture. But it also had its drawbacks. Our test subject wore the **Ring-O-Matic** to a play, and at the final curtain, accidentally took 427 unwanted photos.

THE COWZNOFSKY MOLAR-MATIC

This camera is designed to fit into your mouth, and you can take a picture merely by clenching your teeth. It takes some practice, however, not to cover the lens with your tongue. Also, loading the camera is simple, but unloading it is yecchy, especially if you've used it while dining with your subject.

Wide-Angle Lens | Normal Lens | Telephoto Lens



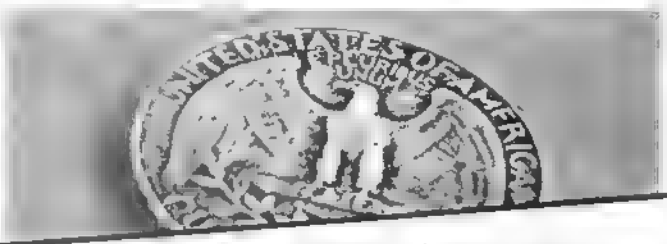
Mini-Mini-Tape Recorders

THE AJAX "WATCH 'N' LISTEN"

This tape recorder is small enough to fit under your wristwatch. But it has several drawbacks. When we listened to a replay of a tape made by our first tester, the 60-minute tape contained nothing audible but the "Tick-tock-tick-tock-tick-tock" of his watch. We then tried a tester wearing an electronic watch and we got a 60-minute tape of "Hmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm." As a last resort, we had a tester wear the tape recorder with no watch to hide it. Unfortunately, he was shot as a foreign spy.

THE GF "COIN-A-PHRASE"

This ingenious tape recorder is no larger than a quarter. In fact, it looks exactly like a quarter. The idea is to lay it on the bar near your subject, so it looks like ordinary change. The quality of sound reproduction is excellent, and it records for 2 hours on one mini-battery. But here's a tip! Don't lay it on a bar, even if the Instruction Manual recommends it. The Bartender in our test situation thought it was a tip, and kept it. Which turned out to be a $356.00 tip (list price) on a 75¢ drink. Incidentally, the only way to tell the **Coin-A-Phrase** tape recorder from a real quarter is to check the face of the coin. On the **Coin-A-Phrase**, instead of "In God We Trust," it says, "In Duracell We Trust." That's the battery compartment lid.

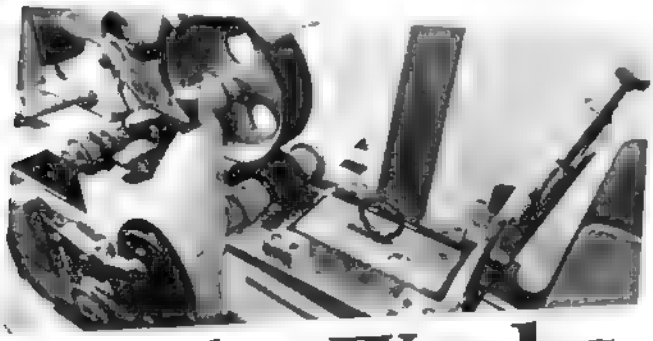


Electric Tank Appears On The Scene

While the citizen consumer market has a use for the electric car, it seems to follow that the government would have a use for an electric tank. Well, they may get one some-day . . . but not now, if the **KNEO-1 Armored Tank** is any example of the current state of the art. The biggest drawback of this two-man tank is hidden in its model identification—**"KNEO"**—which stands for "Keep Near Electric Outlet." And our tests confirmed this huge drawback. Because of the weight of the armor and the heavy steel construction, the tank's electric motor was only able to propel the tank a distance of 328 feet before the batteries needed recharging. The price of $150,000.00 does include a 100-foot extension cord, and even though the instruction manual boasts "Charges itself even while in battle as long as it's plugged in," we feel this entry is a long way from being a useful addition to any military power's arsenal.

Ooops! Sorry About That!

In our last issue of *Consumer Reports For Government Purchasing Agencies,* we reported that the new **Battlefield Portable Communications System BF/PCS-2-GRN** automatically scrambled and coded all information so that only a matching **BF/PCS-2-GRN** unit could unscramble and decode that secret, confidential information. Unfortunately, further testing has proved that we were wrong! The information broadcast by one of these units can be picked up by *any* transceiver, including those used by enemy agents. CRGPA wishes to apologize for this mistake, especially to the guys in the Pentagon who will now have to make up totally *new* plans to protect the United States from foreign powers.



In The Works

CRGPA Tests Military Cookbooks

Grandma probably told you how much butter and salt to put into your potatoes to please a family of five, but how much butter and salt do you need to please an Army base of 50,000? It's a little more complicated.

CRGPA bought samples of 10 Military Cookbooks and prepared several recipes as per their instructions. We then had staffers sample and rate the results, which we will publish next month. (P.S. If you'd like any mashed potatoes for your family, or for land-fill, or for any reason, stop by our offices. We made mashed potatoes for 60,000 . . . and our staff consists of six people. Talk about left-overs!)

Wind Turbines

The Federal Government has invested in many small businesses in the hopes of coming up with a feasible method of generating power with wind turbines. Wind turbine, of course, is just another name for "wind mill"—but with the government spending millions of dollars on research, they had to come up with a more "technical" name for wind mill, and that's why the name "wind turbine" was invented.

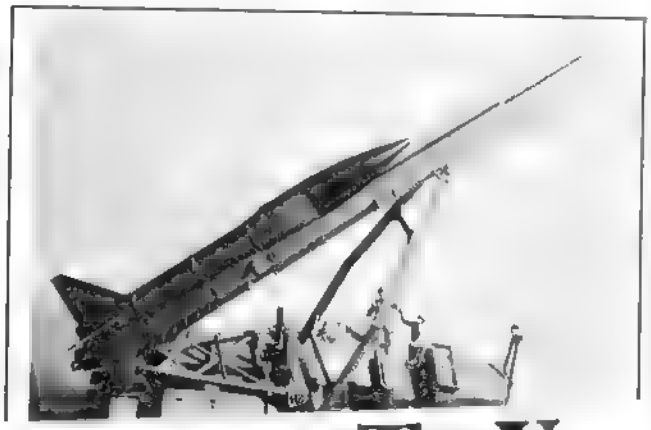
The results to date are only marginal. In our estimation, the best plan was developed by a firm called ORAL INDUSTRIES, which is working on a turbine that will convert hot air eminating from the mouth into energy. ORAL INDUSTRIES estimates that they could set up such a unit inside the House of Representatives, and generate enough power in one Congressional Session to supply electricity to the entire Northeastern portion of the United States. The House of Representatives, however, voted recently against giving any more development money to ORAL INDUSTRIES. While doing so, they generated over 100 million volts.

Satellite Launchers

No matter what purpose a satellite is used for: communications, education, reconnaissance, etc., it has to get into outer space via a launcher. Up until now, launchers such as *Delta, Centaur* and *Titan III-C* have cost upwards of five million dollars each. So you can understand how excited we were when we heard recently about a new satellite launcher under construction by the Orbital Insertion and Bedspring Manufacturing Company of Buffalo, N. Y.

We telephoned Carl Ticking, the President of OIBMC, and inquired if we might be able to acquire one of their new launchers for testing purposes. He asked us what we intended to use it for, and we told him we wanted to launch a weather satellite that would circle the earth and report back weather conditions. Carl informed us that their new satellite launcher was still in the construction stage, and the best they could offer us at the present time was a **Junior Orbital Inserter,** which might be able to put a very small weather satellite into orbit around a small town at best, and only around the block at worst.

Still and all, since the **Junior OI** lists for only $239.00, it is a far cry from the five million-plus that the others go for, and we will keep close tabs on its progress.



Letters To Us

Gentlemen

Thank goodness not all government agencies read your trashy magazine with its useless tests. A few months ago, in your article, "*CRGPA Tests Postal Service Equipment*" you downgraded our **Automatic Zip Code Reader/Sorter,** yet the Postal Service saw fit to buy 20,000 of our units!

Now, what do you say?

Bill O. Laidin
Chicago, Ill.

We don't have to say anything, Bill. You mailed your letter on January 5th, and we received it on May 23rd.

Gentlemen.

Your magazine is a good one, but I wish to take this opportunity to warn your readers about Missile Repair Gyp Artists. We had some trouble with our **675-HJK Turbo-Fan Missile** (*CRPGA, June '77*) and called in a serviceman. We knew it was just a by-pass resistor in the Harrier Circuit, but this con artist hit us with a complete Fanbarker Assembly replacement. What do you think?

Gen. Wade Inwater
APO San Francisco

Sounds like he gave you the turbo-shaft, General! Thanks for your letter. Readers, take heed.

GIVIN' 'EM A RIBBIN' DEPT.

Why restrict the awarding of medals to the military? After all, Civilians perform heroic acts while fighting life's daily battles as well! Let's recognize them with

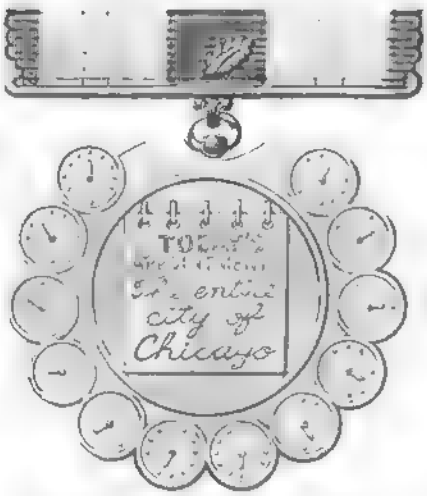
THIS ISSUE'S PROPOSED MAD MEDALS

. . . TO BE PRESENTED TO DESERVING DOCTORS

THE MISSING FORCEPS MEDAL

Awarded to Doctors who successfully pass on to their patients the higher costs of Malpractice Insurance while in no way attempting to cut down on the causes of these increased costs, mainly greed and actual malpractice.

THE FULL CALENDAR CITATION

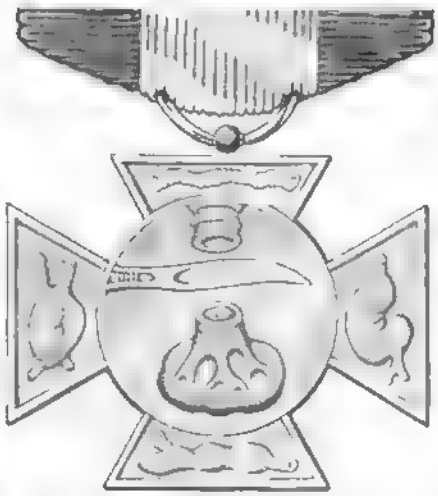


Goes to Doctors who demonstrate the efficiency and diligence necessary to see an unbelievable amount of patients per hour in their offices and on their hospital walk-throughs while managing to collect full fee charges for each.

THE LITTLE GREEN PILL MEDAL

For prescribing without conscience or trepidation certain extremely expensive name-brand drugs, thus insuring both warm and lasting relationships with pharmacists, and rewarding free vacation trips from drug companies.

THE GOLDEN SCAPEL AWARD



Awarded to Doctors who have performed surgery above and beyond the call of necessity. These procedures involve the removal of patients' appendixes, tonsils, gall bladders, ovaries, etc., whether they needed to be or not! The motto inscribed on the reverse side of the medal reads, "A removed organ can never become a really diseased organ!"

THE A.M.A. MEDAL OF HONOR

This decoration represents the medical profession's highest award . . . and can only be presented to those doctors who distinguish themselves with an unbroken record of heroically fighting the battle against Socialized Medicine, Public Health Care, lower fees, and any other profit-cutting ideas that lawmakers and do-gooders periodically come up with.

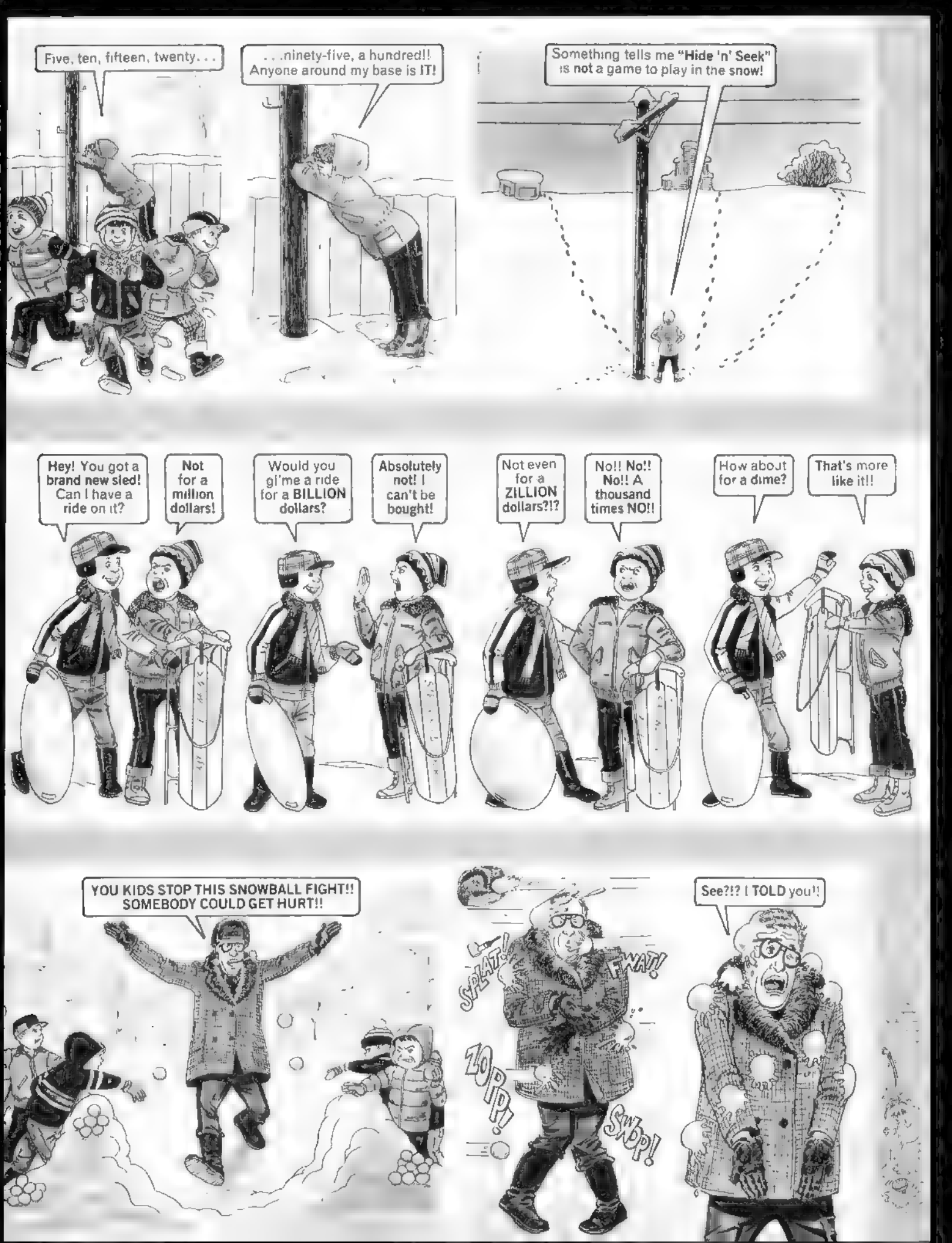
ARTIST & WRITER AL JAFFEE

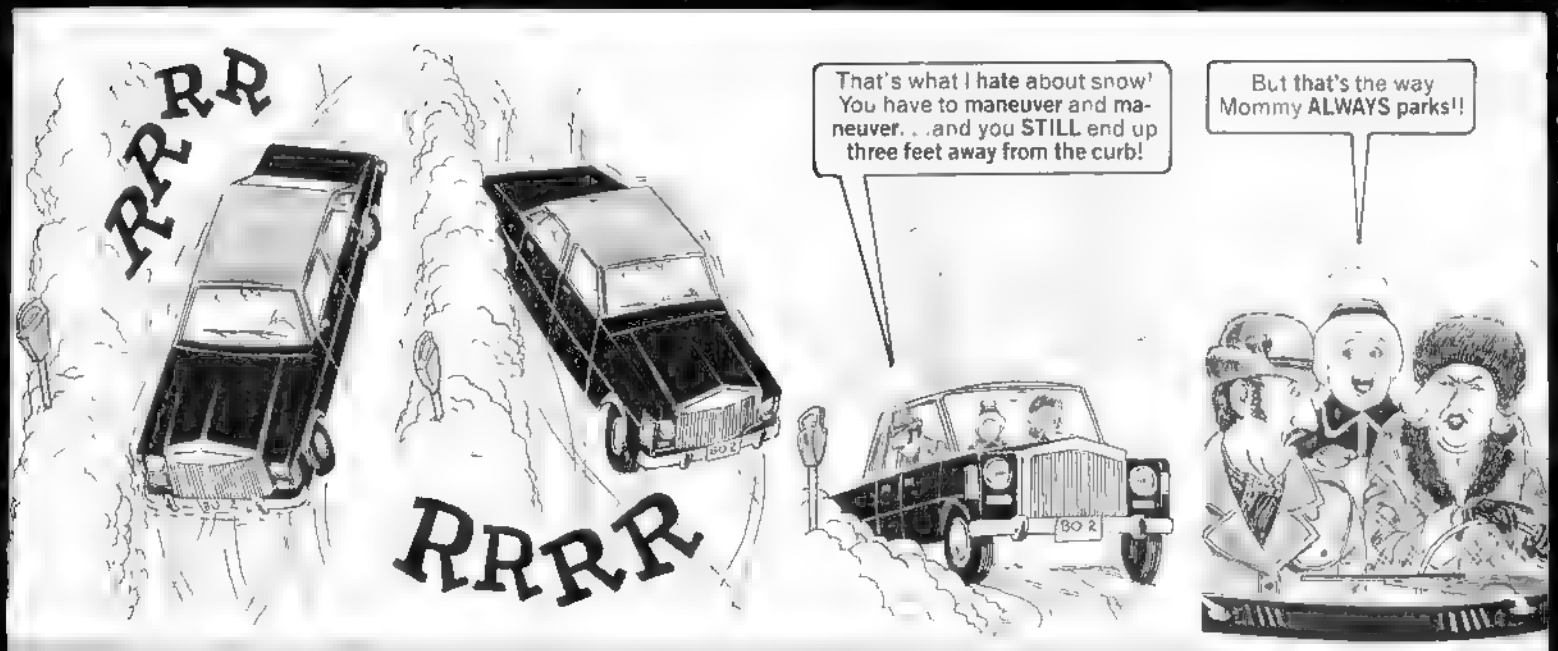
BERG'S EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF...

NOW

ARTIST & WRITER DAVE BERG


Five, ten, fifteen, twenty. . .
. . .ninety-five, a hundred!! Anyone around my base is IT!
Something tells me "Hide 'n' Seek" is not a game to play in the snow!
Hey! You got a brand new sled! Can I have a ride on it?
Not for a million dollars!
Would you gi'me a ride for a BILLION dollars?
Absolutely not! I can't be bought!
Not even for a ZILLION dollars?!?
No!! No!! No!! A thousand times NO!!
How about for a dime?
That's more like it!!
YOU KIDS STOP THIS SNOWBALL FIGHT!! SOMEBODY COULD GET HURT!!
SPLAT!
FWAP!
ZOPP!
SWOPP!
See?!? I TOLD you!!


RRRR
RRRR
That's what I hate about snow! You have to maneuver and maneuver. . .and you STILL end up three feet away from the curb!
But that's the way Mommy ALWAYS parks!!

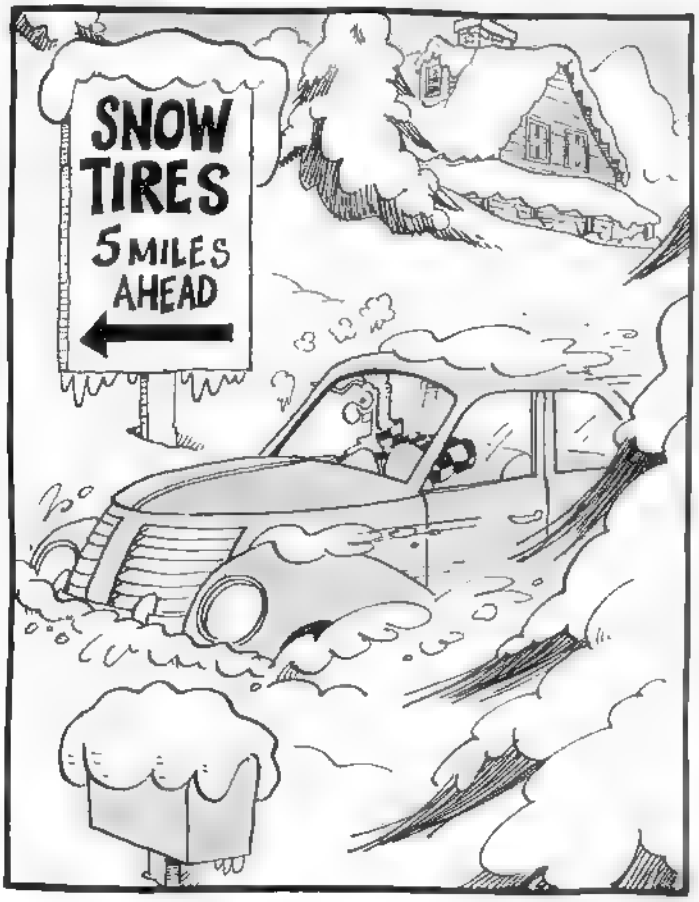
How cute! You girls are building a snowman!!
WRONG!!
Only a male chauvinist pig would say something like that! It's NOT a snowman!
It's a snow PERSON!!

The wind's blowing the snow around something fierce! You'd better put on a MUFFLER!!
I don't need a muffler! I'm wearing a turtleneck sweater!
That's not enough! You put on a muffler!
This is ridiculous! I don't NEED it!
I SAID PUT ON A MUFFLER!!
Okay! Okay! I'll put on a muffler!

...and due to the heavy snowstorm, all schools will be closed today...
HOORAYYY!
Hmmph! When I was a kid, nobody ever HEARD of closing the schools! No matter how bad the weather was...we WENT!!
Today, all you mamby-pamby kids need is a few inches of snow...and it's an excuse to stay home!
So who's staying home?!? We're going to the movies!!
Skiing on one ski while holding on to each other is crazy...but fun!
Yeah, but watch out for that tree ahead!
We made it!
Yes, but some people are liable to get the wrong impression!
Your wheels are spinning on the ice!! We're not moving! Don't we have snow tires?
Sure we do! W th cleats, yet!
So how come they're not gripping?
Because the snow tires are still in the trunk! I haven't gotten around to putting them on yet!
If you aren't the world's biggest procrastinator! When are you going to put them on, for God's sake!?
Just as soon as I clean out the beach equipment that's piled on top of them!!
David Berg

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE COLD AFTERNOON OUTSIDE BUFFALO

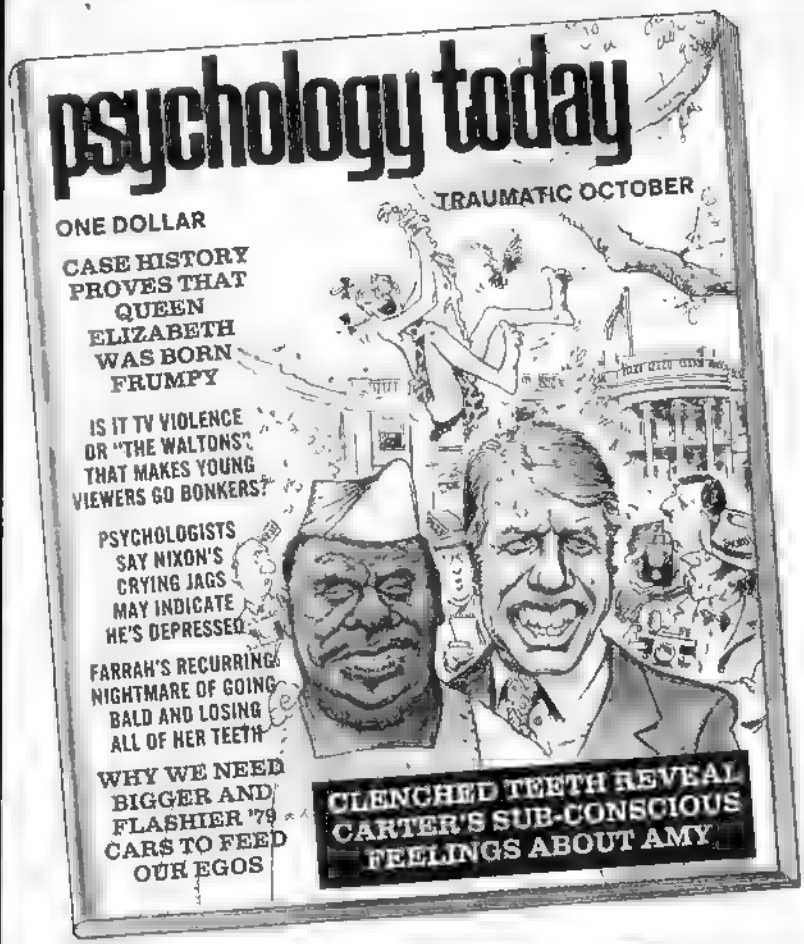


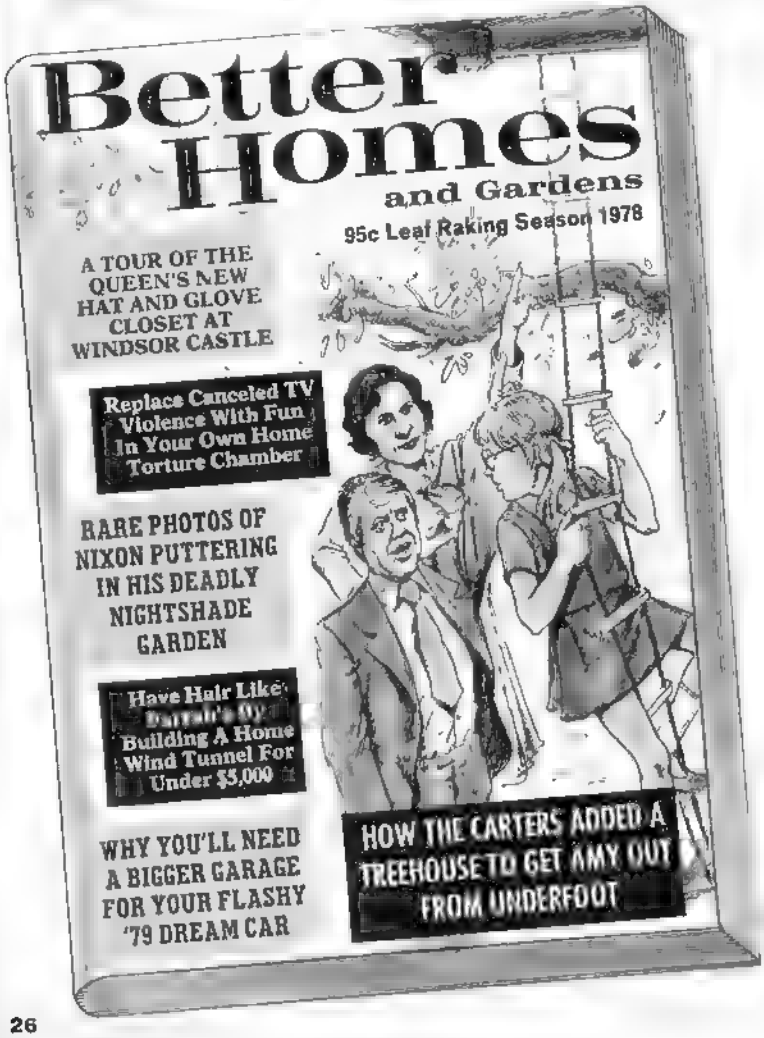
GIM-MIMICRY DEPT.

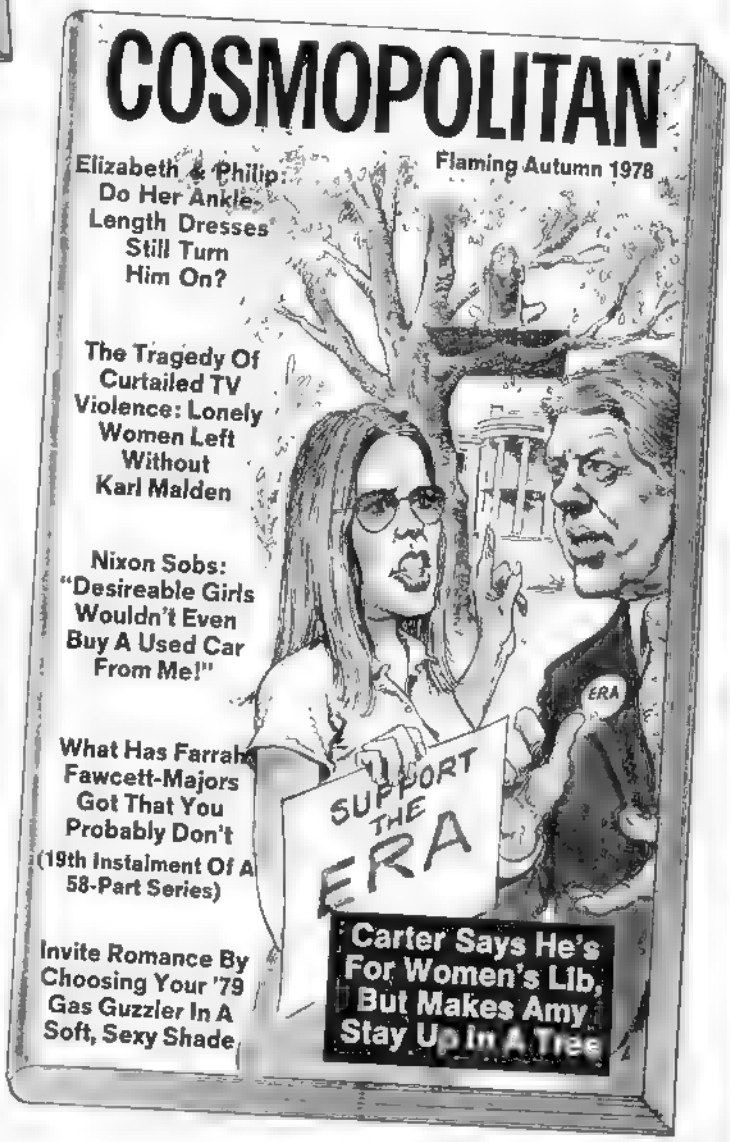
With most high quality magazines (except MAD) now costing at least a buck a copy, very few readers can afford to buy more than one publication a month. And that situation has created a big advantage for the publishers. We've just discovered a huge conspiracy among major magazines. Every month, they all print

RECY MAGA ARTI

ARTIST HARRY NORTH, ESQ.



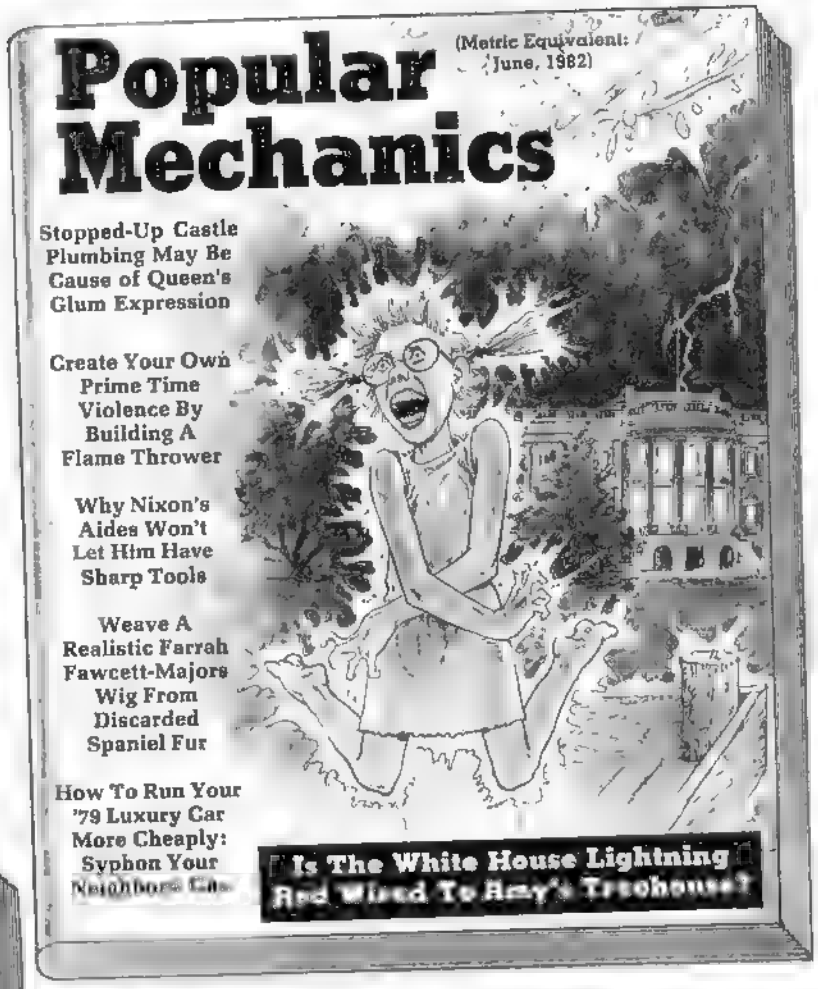


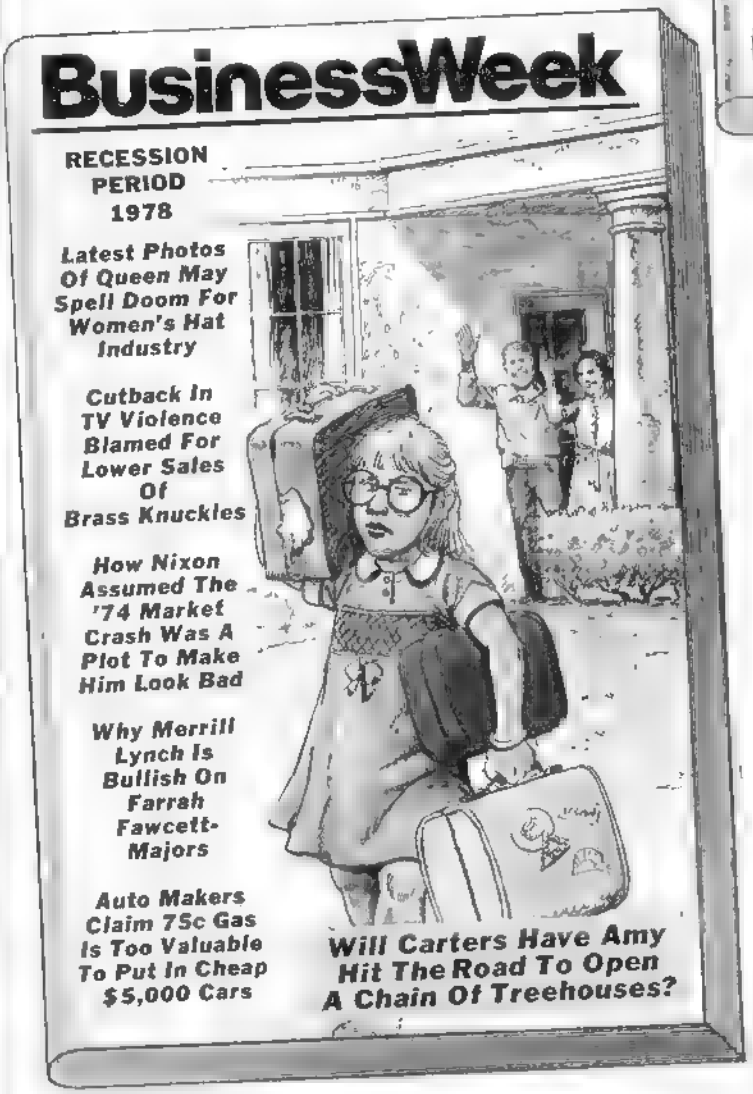


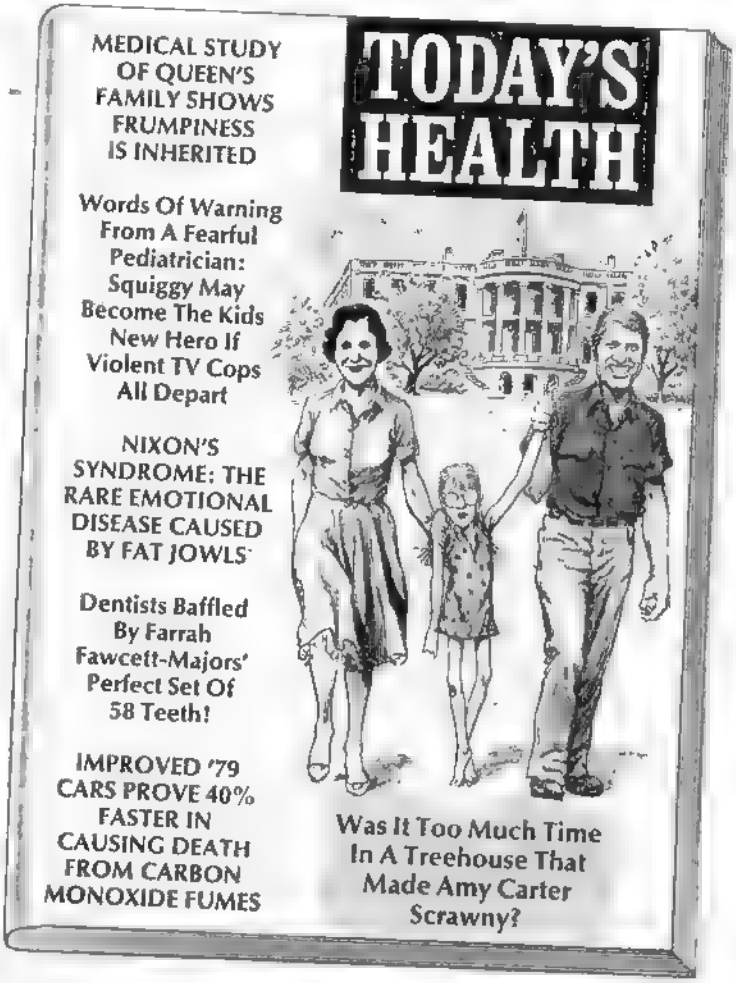
the same six articles! Of course, each editor does a little re-writing for his own particular readership, and he dresses up those catchy blurbs on the cover. But aside from that, when you've read one magazine, you've read them all. If you doubt our claim, just check out this recent batch of issues, containing—

CLED ZINE CLES

WRITER TOM KOCH







BRAVE NEW WHIRLS DEPT.

Evel Knievel is in big trouble! And we're not talking about spending some time in the slammer. We're talking about more serious trouble. Mainly, his last TV special bombed out in the ratings. The problem is: people are

SOME REALLY DAN
WE'D LIKE TO SEE EV

ARTIST: JACK DAVIS

Stand on a deserted N.Y. City subway platform at 3 in the morning.

Sing "God Save The Queen" at a Sons of Erin picnic.

Write graffiti on the Great Wall of China.

Enter a water-drinking contest in Mexico.

Go swimming in the Hudson River.

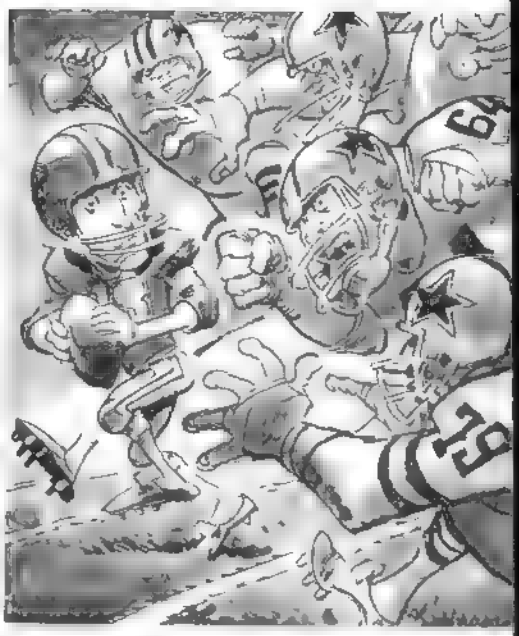
getting bored seeing the same old stunts like jumping over cars and buses and canyons. They want to see Evel do some really death defying stunts. So, we at MAD, in an effort to help, have come up with suggestions for . . .

GEROUS STUNTS EL KNIEVEL DO ON TV

WRITER· LOU SILVERSTONE

Umpire a baseball game on "Beer Day".

Sell Israeli Bonds at a P.L.O. meeting.



Play quarterback for the Tampa Bay Bucs.

Heckle Frank Sinatra at an Italian Anti-Defamation League Dinner.

Be a substitute teacher in any big city high school.

Go to the john in any big city school.

Wear an "ANWAR SADAT" T-shirt in Libya

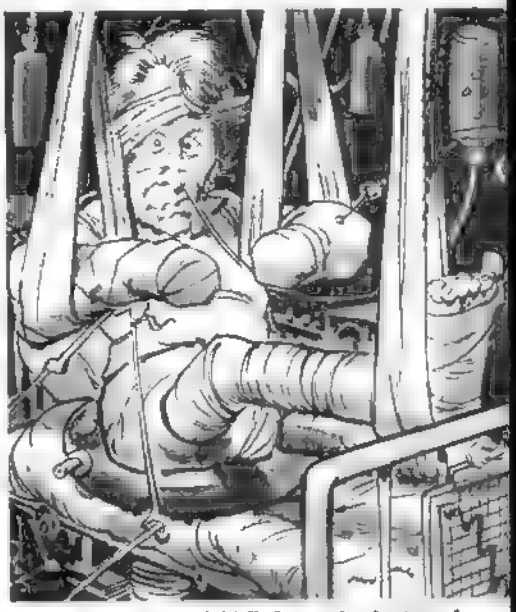
Ride a school bus in the Boston area.

Take a picture of Woody Hayes right after Ohio State fumbles away a sure touchdown against Michigan in a championship game.

Tell the members of the Teamsters Union that, in order to help fight inflation, they should take a salary cut.

Explain to a loan shark he's going to be late with this week's payment.

Jump the line in a supermarket during rush hour . . . when only one register is working.



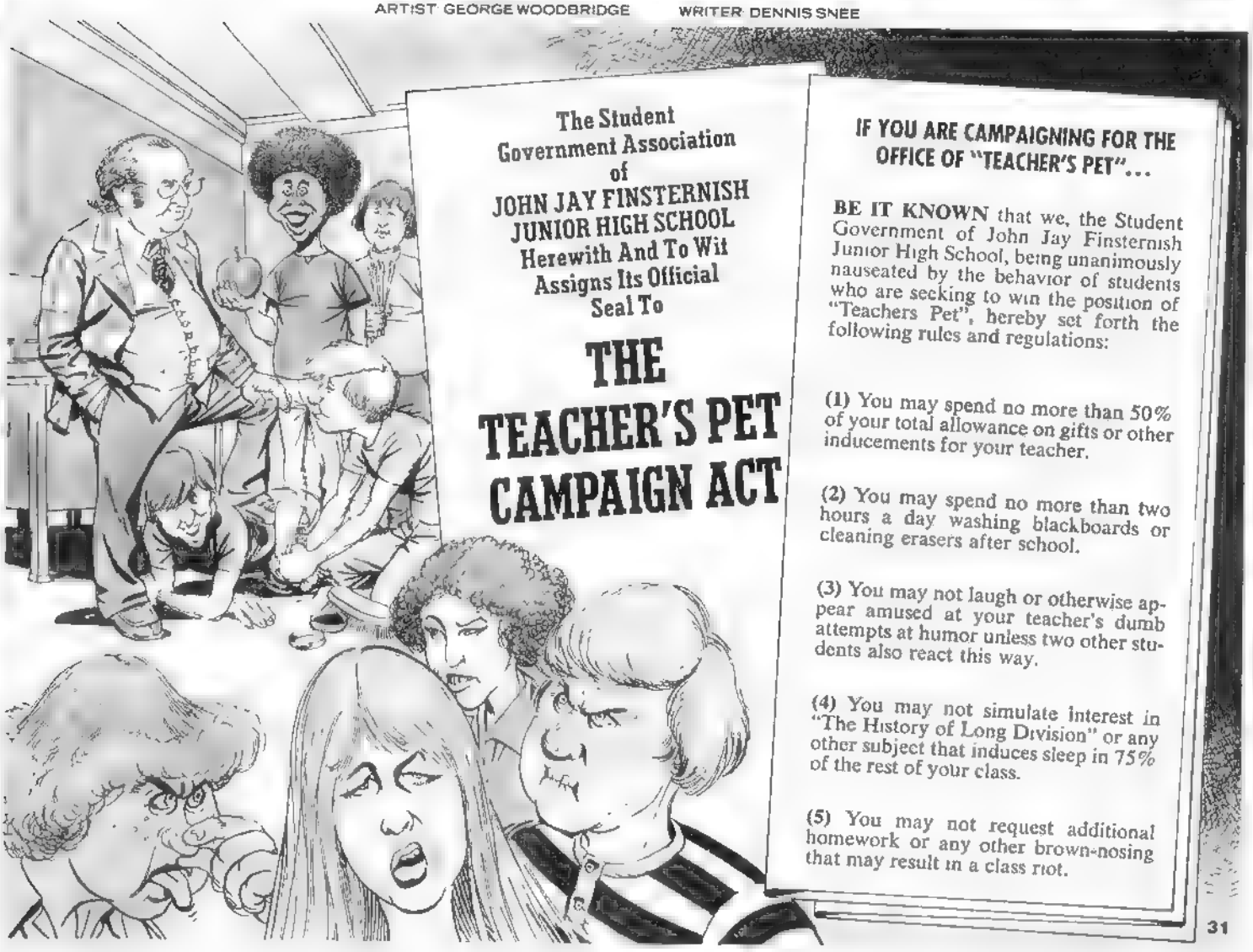
Announce to MAD fans who just read this article that he is the author.

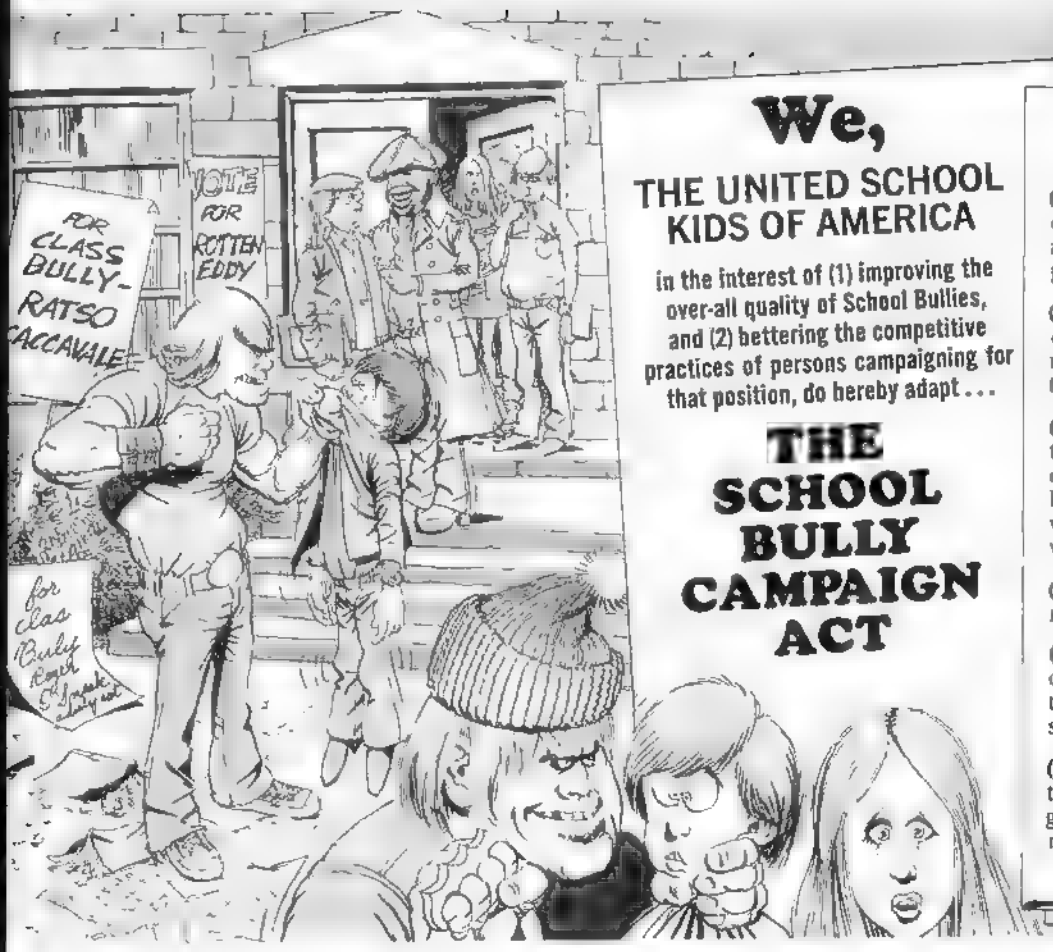
STUMP OF APPROVAL DEPT.

Back in 1971, Congress passed a law designed to correct and control the abuses and undesirable practices that existed in many federal election campaigns. Officially, this law was called "The Federal Election Campaign Act." Unofficially, it was known as "Wishful Thinking." MAD feels that if lawmakers can legislate against the dirty tricks used in political campaigns, why can't we less notable schnooks attempt the same thing and control the abuses and undesirable practices of the other, everyday non-political campaigns we're subjected to. We'll show you what we mean with MAD's

OTHER ELECTION CAMPAIGN ACTS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: DENNIS SNEE





We,

THE UNITED SCHOOL KIDS OF AMERICA

in the interest of (1) improving the over-all quality of School Bullies, and (2) bettering the competitive practices of persons campaigning for that position, do hereby adapt . . .

THE SCHOOL BULLY CAMPAIGN ACT

RULES AND REGULATIONS

(1) Any funds necessary for carrying out your campaign may only be secured, at the threat of extreme violence, from persons not supporting your candidacy.

(2) When campaign commitments require your presence elsewhere, you may not designate an "alternate intimidator" to bully persons for you in your absence.

(3) You may not pick on people smaller than yourself. Bullying people of equal or larger size will not be permitted unless they are at some disadvantage: i.e., wearing a cast, holding a baby brother, working under a car, sleeping, etc.

(4) Persons endorsing your candidacy may do so only under coercion.

(5) You may not have any previous record of decency, kindness or intelligence that could result in a conflict of interest should your campaign be successful.

(6) Medical verification must be obtained, stating that your hostility, aggressiveness and obnoxious behavior are not of a temporary nature.

The Car Owner Parents Of America jointly endorse the following

FAMILY CAR USE CAMPAIGN ACT

All Offspring Campaigning For The Use Of Their Family Car Are Advised That:

YOU MAY NOT cite statistics showing it is safer for young people to drive to a basketball game than to walk, unless you also state that the statistic applies primarily to Northern Ireland.

YOU MAY NOT try to link your future emotional growth and well-being to the success or failure of your campaign.

YOU MAY NOT, if there are others campaigning, such as a brother or sister, allude to any irrelevant facts regarding these candidates, such as recent poor report cards or failure to perform household chores.

YOU MAY NOT make campaign promises of an unrealistic nature, such as: "I swear I'll never ask another favor ever again if you do this one thing!"

AND YOU MAY NOT, if your campaign is unsuccessful, draw any analogies between your parents and officials of the Third Reich, Uganda, etc.

THE HYSTERICAL STUDENTS OF AMERICA

In Conjunction With

THE STUDENT CONNOISSEURS OF CLASSROOM COMEDY

Hereby Declare That All Students Desiring To Campaign For The Office Of Class Clown Must Follow The Regulations Of

THE CLASS CLOWN CAMPAIGN ACT

THIS CAMPAIGN ACT INSURES THAT:

(1) Expenditures for whoopee cushions, hand-buzzers, mechanical dentures and rubber vomit may not exceed one-fourth of your parents' annual income.

(2) Repertoire of "funny noises" may not include sounds related to gastro-intestinal or elimination problems.

(3) Ethnic jokes, knock-knock jokes, elephant jokes, Polish jokes, teacher impressions and improvised horseplay must be used in equal proportions in any routine exceeding ten minutes.

(4) Insult humor directed toward the very homely is prohibited.

(5) All sources of your material, including joke books, comedians, TV sitcoms, **MAD** Magazine and funny friends must be publically acknowledged.

(6) Lunchroom and cafeteria humor may involve the use of food, but not if it has been partially digested.

(7) Funny antics on a school bus are authorized, providing they do not contribute toward bus going off a cliff.

THE FRUSTRATED MALE STUDENTS OF

COWZNOFSKI HIGH SCHOOL

Announce Their Official Support Of The Long Overdue & Necessary

SCHOOL SEX SYMBOL CAMPAIGN ACT

ALL GIRLS CAMPAIGNING FOR THE TITLE OF "SCHOOL SEX SYMBOL" ARE HEREBY ADVISED:

(1) You may spend no more than three times as much money improving your appearance as you do improving your mind.

(2) You may not wear a skirt that causes more than 2 injuries or accidents in the hallways per class change.

(3) You must disclose the true source of all funds contributed to your campaign, as well as the true source of all curves contributing to your appearance.

(4) You may not bend over to pick up a pencil or other object if it could result in heart failure of a faculty member.

(5) You may not attend classes in a wet tee shirt, or a dry one for that matter.

(6) You may not wear any clothing that, because of its tightness, constitutes a conflict of interest with the circulation of your blood.

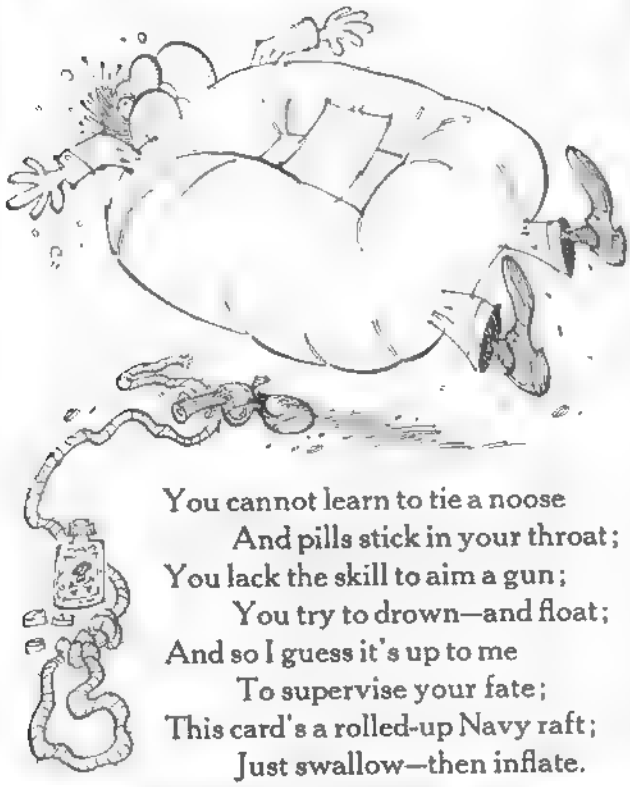
(7) You may not practice Cheer Leader jumps in a public place while wearing a tight sweater or no bra or both.

RHYME WITH A REASON DEPT.

When a friend has a birthday, you send a birthday card. When a couple has an anniversary, you send an anniversary card. But there may be times when you won't be able to find the right card for the occasion. If this happens, we invite you to turn to this selection of

MAD GRE
FOR VERY SP

To a Would-Be Suicide



You cannot learn to tie a noose
And pills stick in your throat;
You lack the skill to aim a gun;
You try to drown—and float;
And so I guess it's up to me
To supervise your fate;
This card's a rolled-up Navy raft;
Just swallow—then inflate.

To A Pedigreed Dog Owner

It's clear to me how much you prize
Your purebred female collie;
Two thousand bucks to buy a dog
Is quite a sum, by golly!
I'd like to fill your life with joy,
To lift your spirits, but—
Last weekend, when she was in heat,
She made it with a mutt.

To an Auto Crash Victim

You have two badly broken arms;
Your pelvis is a wreck;
Your head's in traction for a year
From whiplash of the neck;
But though you'll suffer many months
From wounds that will not heal,
Just look at it another way—
Think how your car must feel.

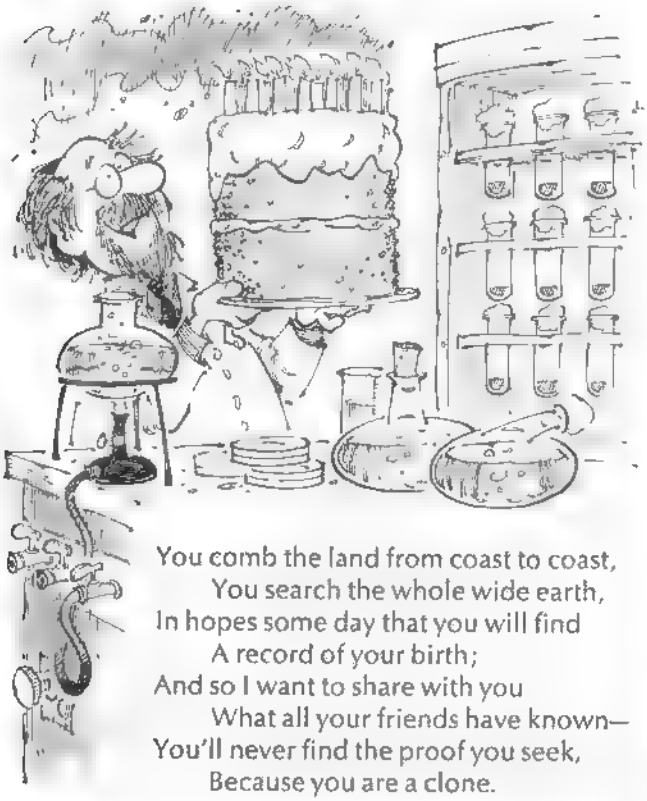
ETING CARDS
ECIAL OCCASIONS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER WRITER: FRANK JACOBS WITH EARLE DOUD

To A Young Bride

It seems, my dear, like yesterday
You started out in life,
And here you are at seventeen
About to be a wife;
Let's hope the wedding gown you wear
Is full and loosely styled,
So no one there will get the chance
To see that you're with child.

To A Confused Person



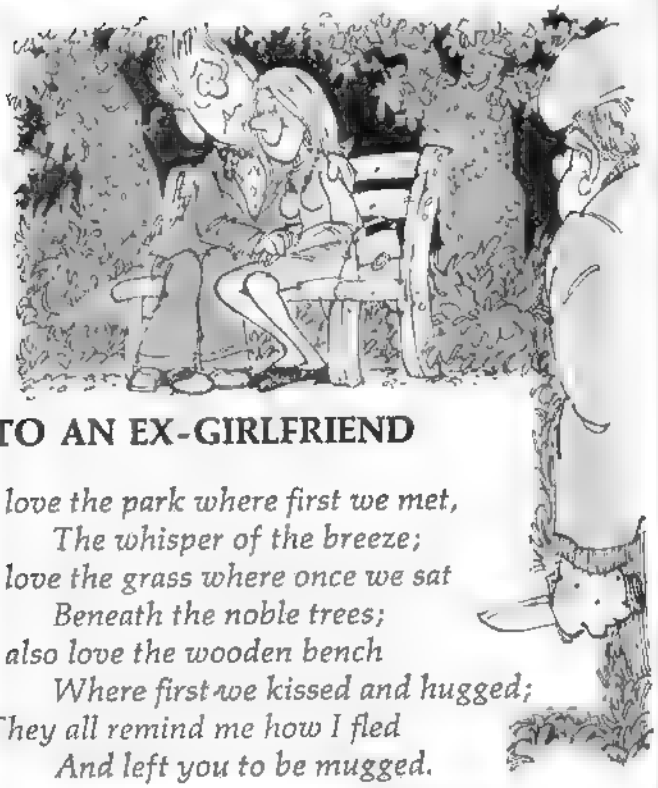
You comb the land from coast to coast,
You search the whole wide earth,
In hopes some day that you will find
A record of your birth;
And so I want to share with you
What all your friends have known—
You'll never find the proof you seek,
Because you are a clone.

To A Mass Murderer on Trial

You know the judge can send you up
For your remaining years,
And so I send this card to you
To banish all your fears;
No life in stir awaits you, pal;
You won't be rotting there;
The Legislature's changed the law—
They're bringing back the Chair.

TO AN EX-BOY FRIEND

What fun we had, the two of us,
Those nights when we smoked pot,
Until that day you said, "Get lost!"
And ditched me on the spot;
You treated me like so much dirt;
I really was disgusted;
Which is my way of telling you
Who went and got you busted.

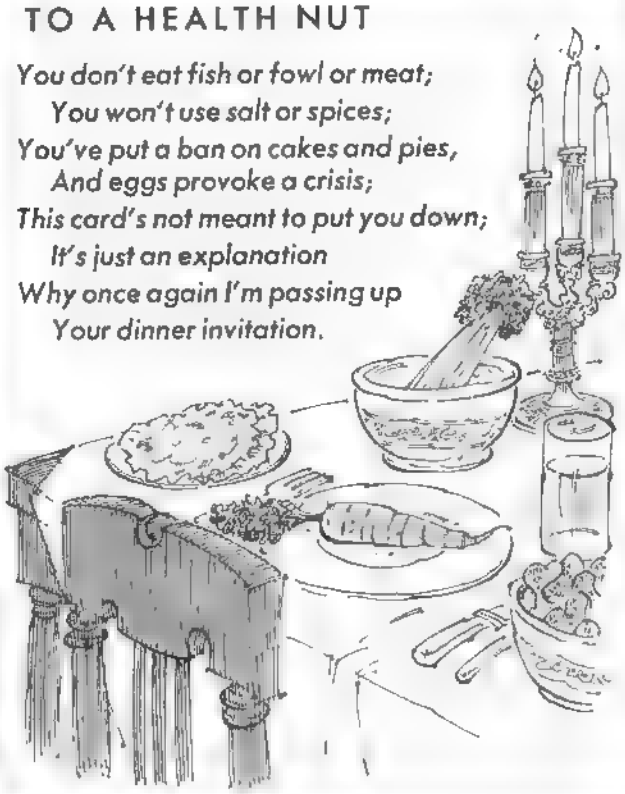


TO AN EX-GIRLFRIEND

I love the park where first we met,
The whisper of the breeze;
I love the grass where once we sat
Beneath the noble trees;
I also love the wooden bench
Where first we kissed and hugged;
They all remind me how I fled
And left you to be mugged.

TO A HEALTH NUT

You don't eat fish or fowl or meat;
You won't use salt or spices;
You've put a ban on cakes and pies,
And eggs provoke a crisis;
This card's not meant to put you down;
It's just an explanation
Why once again I'm passing up
Your dinner invitation.

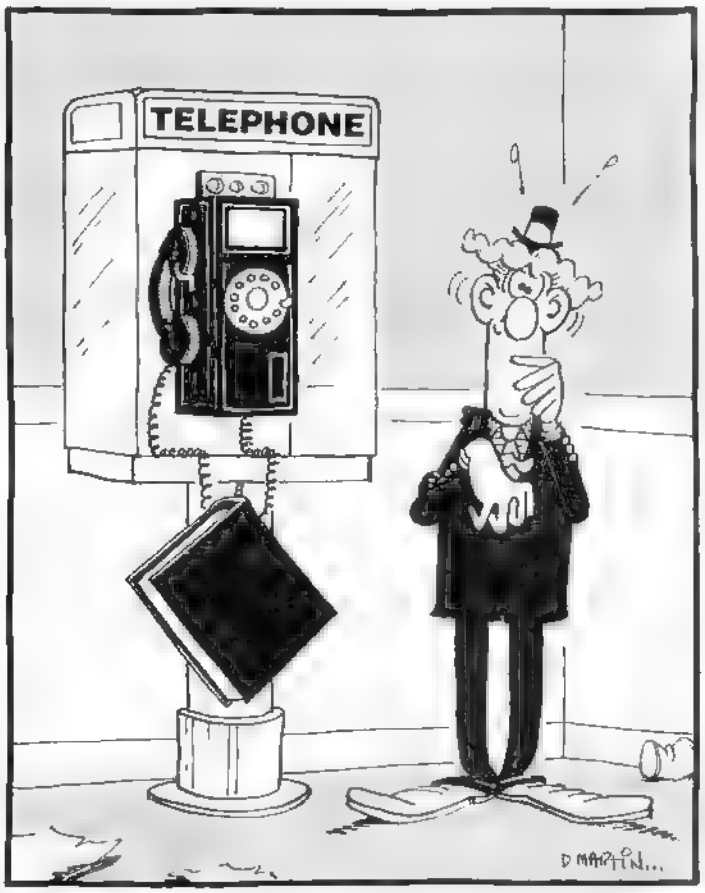


To A Terrorist

You victimize and kill and maim;
In short, you go too far;
But nothing I can ever say
Will change the way you are;
By now, whatever's left of you
Lies scattered on the floor;
I bet you never opened up
A letter-bomb before.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE NIGHT IN THE L.A. BUS TERMINAL

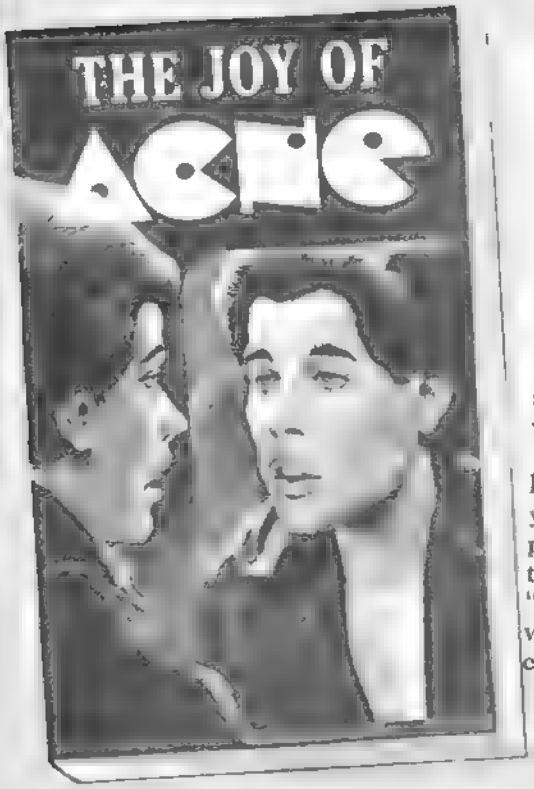


THROUGH PROSE-COLORED GLASSES DEPT.

Some of the biggest-selling books these days are "The Joy of Sex" and "More Joy of Sex." Now, we ask you: Who in heck needs a book to tell us how much joy and pleasure sex is? We already know that! And if we don't, a book isn't going to help! What we

SOME "JOY OF

ARTIST BOB CLARKE



Chapter I

Stop feeling that The Almighty has dealt you a terribly unfair blow by filling your face with purple and red beauties! You're lucky, and you should rejoice!

How lucky? Well, just think: Without those little pustules, what would you see when you looked in a mirror? Practically nothing at all. Merely a face that's hardly worth spending any time looking at.

But with acne, you can spend hours peering at yourself because you're so damn interesting. Other people who spend time looking at themselves in mirrors are called "ego-maniacs." But you can do it with a clear conscience, if not a clear complexion.

Now, let's look at the advan-

THE JOY OF WEEKEND HOMEWORK

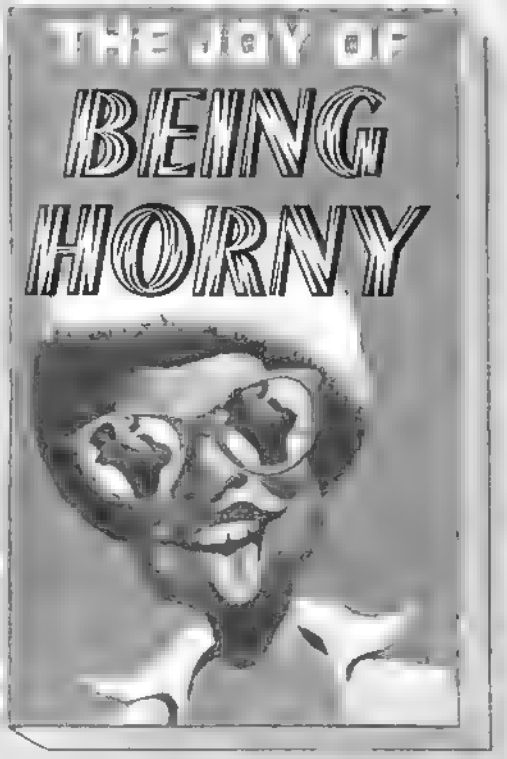
THE JOY OF NOT BEING ACCEPTED INTO COLLEGE

Chapter One

If you fail to get into college, you may think that your life is over. It's not, as a matter of fact. It's just beginning . . . in a big way.

When your parents call you "stupid" and "bum," don't fight with them. Agree with them. Soon, they'll tire of hurling epithets at you, and will then try to cheer you up by saying things like, "You're really not a bum!" "Actually, you're a bright kid!" But stay with your identification as a dope and a bum. Make them feel that their words have damaged your psyche for life.

Next, they will start to feel responsible for your depressed condition and will kill themselves, trying to make you happy and get rid of their guilts. And that's when you



do need in these troubled times are books that tell us how to get joy and pleasure from activities and situations that aren't very joyful and pleasurable. And so, as a public service, and to help push more slow-selling magazines, MAD now presents . . .

. . . " BOOKS WE COULD REALLY USE

WRITER STAN HART

CHAPTER ONE

One of the greatest sources of anxiety and anguish for a teenager is what to do on a Saturday night. Questions such as: "Will *HE* call me for a date?" or "Will *anyone* in this *entire planet* call me for a date?" are no longer problems. Because you simply have no time to bother with such questions. Even if someone did call you, he'd probably want to jump on your bones in a drive-in movie or a deserted lovers' lane, thereby causing you another problem: mainly, how you should handle your chastity . . . among other things.

Who needs such problems? By being assigned a heavy load of weekend homework, consider all the agonies you've avoided.

CHAPTER I

To some young girls, the threat of an unwanted pregnancy is a terrible thing to contemplate.

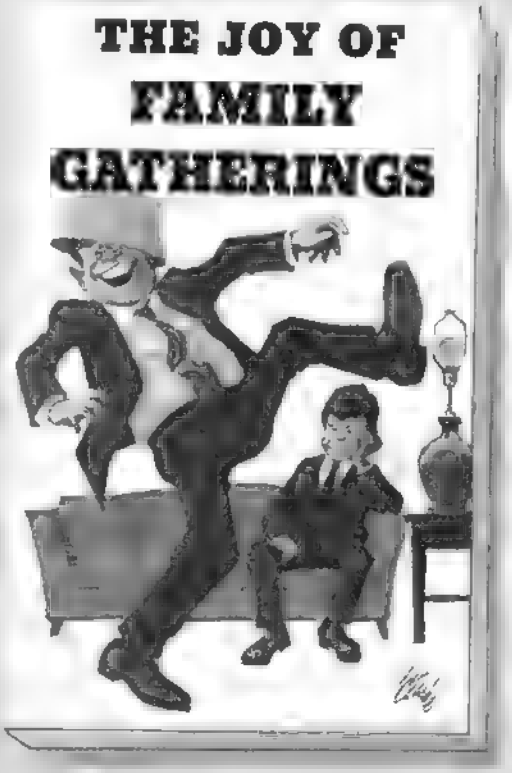
Take heart. There can be joy in it. First, it refutes your parents' claim that you can't do anything right. Kid, you've done it right this time! Next, think about all the old clothes you've been wearing. Aren't you tired of them and also the hassle your parents give you whenever you ask for new threads? Well, now you'll have a complete new wardrobe every couple of months! And don't feel sorry for your folks. Just think of the joy they'll derive being pitied by all their friends. A once-overlooked couple will now be center stage, and you've put them there!

Chapter One

Just because you can look, but you can't touch is no reason to me miserable. Be happy. Be joyous. After all, aren't you always saying to yourself, "Boy, what I could do with a girl like that!"? Sure you are!

Well, if you had a girl like that, chances are you'd do something awkward, foolish or disgusting. Also, you might find that there's more satisfaction in thinking about making out than making out itself.

So rejoice that you don't have the chance to louse up your fantasies and dreams. The real world is always a big disappointment. Take the experience of Marvin Farshimmelt, for example. Once,



CHAPTER ONE

Torture, you say, when your parents drag you to a family gathering?

Wrong! It's a joy . . . if you think about it for a second.

Where else can you reinforce your prejudices that all adults are idiots? Where else can you feel totally justified in loathing members of your family . . . like that dopey Uncle who thinks that a lampshade on a head is still hysterically funny?

Family meetings afford a wonderful opportunity to wallow in self-pity . . . that you're part of a family that has such mindless oafs in it.

CLAUS AND EFFECT DEPT.

WE ALL KNOW ABOUT THOSE CUTE LETTERS THAT KIDS WRITE TO SANTA CLAUS BEFORE XMAS, ASKING FOR ALL KINDS OF STUFF.

KID'S LETTERS TO

Dear Santa,
Cuold you Do me a Favor next Xmas and show some new cartoonz on tv? if i see Rudolph, Frosty or that Faggot Drummer Boy one More time, i'll barf! im only seven yearz old and i've seen them all seven times!!

Sara Schlockmeyer

Dere Santa,
I got lots of dolls from you for Xmas, but Im all mixt up. One doll called Arnie Anatomical has a real wachacallit like my baby brother—but the rest of my boy dolls have nuthin at all. Dont the Bionic Man, Ild Joe, Evil Knievel or Donnie Osmond have any you knows?

Your friend,
Linda Luffenkupp

Dear Santa,
I hate to bother you, cause I know you're probably busy with exchanges, but you misunderstood my request. I asked for that doll, Lee Majors... not a Lee Majors doll! I'm too big to play with dolls. So could you please send me the real Lee Majors so I can play with him.

Sinserely,
Sidel Blount

DEAR SANTA,
HEY, MAN, I'M REPORTING YOU TO THE GOVERMENT FOR DISCRIMINASHUN AGENST MINORITEES, NAMELY ME. THERE'S THIS RICH DUDE IN MY CLASS, AND YOU BROUT HIM EVERYTHING HE ASKED FOR. YOU EVIN BROUT HIM STUF HE DINT ASK FOR. MAN, ALL I ASKED YOU FOR WAS A PAIR OF SEREUS SWADE PUMAS, AND YOU BROUT ME A REGULER PAIR OF SHOES. YOUR A REAL FINK.

LEROY WASHINGTON

Dear Shovenist Pig,
You got a lot of nerve bringing me all that yeechy stuff. Who needs a doll that wets or a toy vacume cleaner or a dishwasher?! When I grow up, I'm going to be a Nuclear Phisisist. I wanted a chemistry set, an electric calculater and a microscope.

Ms. Glenda Glockenspiel

BUT WHAT HAPPENS WHEN XMAS FINALLY ARRIVES, AND THE KIDS SEE WHAT THEY GOT. WHAT WE WOULD REALLY LIKE TO SEE IS

SANTA AFTER XMAS

WRITER LOU SILVERSTONE

Dear Santa,
I think you made a misstake. I wanted a pinball mashine for Xmas and you sent me a baby Sister. I am returning her to you in a seprate packaje in exchange for a Pinball mashine.
Thank you,
Kenny Ferndern

DeaR SanTa,
Xmas is supposed to BE the time of year for fun, but thanks to YoU, it's no Fun at all. I'm alWays being threatened -- You BetteR not PoUT! -- You BE better not CRY! -- He knOws when you've been BaD or GOOD! -- He knOws when you've been sleePing, he knOws wHen you're Awake! And like That! I mean, you're worse tHAN the C.I.A.! In the future, you dont have to brinG me anyTHing! Just get off my Case!
Donald O'Reilley

Dear Santa,
Thanx for the Steve Garvey glove, the Lou Brock baseball shoes, the Tom Seaver baseball & the Reggie Jackson bat. They don't help me hit or catch or run or throw any better, but now the kids let me play if I let them use my bat, ball, glove and shoes.
Bobby Booberman

Dear Santa,
Thanks for bringing me all those neat TV toys I asked for. I got some bad news for you. None of the toys worked like they did on TV and almost all of them broke when I played with them. I think you better get rid of those elfs you got working for you in your toy shop and hire some good workers.
Yours truly,
Basil Boondock

DEAR SANTA,
I WASN'T SURPRISED THAT YOU DIDNT BRING ME ANYTHING I ASKED FOR BECAUSE THE DAY I TALKED TO YOU, YOU WERE STONED OUT OF YOUR SKULL. SINCE YOU ONLY WORK TWO MONTHS OUT OF THE YEAR, THE LEAST YOU COULD DO IS LAY OFF THE JOICE UNTIL YOUR BUSY SEASON IS OVER. THEN, YOU COULD GET BOMBED THE REST OF THE YEAR AND NOBODY WILL CARE EXSEPT MAYBE YOUR WIFE.
DISAPOINTED,
ARNIE KLUTZER

Dear Santa,

I'm starving to death because my Mother is a helth food nut. I figured you could help me by bringing me some goodies for Xmas, but you really copped out on me. I don't consider carob candy canes, granola Santa Clauses and 100% bran lollypops to be Xmas treets.

Thanx for nothing,
Frank Fillmore

Dear Santa,

I am very disappointed with the presents you brought me. I asked for a doll with long, golden hair, a doll carrige and a nice pink party dress. And what did you bring me? A football uniform, boxing gloves and hokky skates! I never thought you would turn out to be a jock like my father!

Bruce Grubnick

DeRE SANTA,

YOu DID IT AGAN. IdIDNT GET A SiNGLe THINg I AXED F OR. I'm nOT BLAMinG YOU. I THINK THe PRO BLem IS THAT YOUR TOY FACTORY RUNs OUT OF ALL ThE GOOD STUFF ANd YOu HAV TO SuBSTI TOOT. I FiGURED OUt a WAY ThAT I CAN GET ALL THE ToYS I WAnt AND SAVE YOU A LOt OF TRUBLE AT THE SaME TIME. NEXT XMas, JUST LEAVE Me A CHECK.

Matt Mvenster

Dere Santer

On ackount of you I am going to become a juvinile delinkwint. I was reely good this yere, I didn't hit my Sister, I kept my room clene, and I even did my homewerk, and what happined? You STIFFED ME again! And after you promised me that if I wuz a good boy I would get lots of nice presents. Some presents! Pajamaz, underwere and a swetter! You call them nice presents?!? From now on, I'm gonna be a reel bad dude, and it's all your fawlt.

Harvey Hittlemeyer

Dear Santa,

You'll have to pardon my handriting. I'm doing it lefty as my right arm is in a sling. As you know, I asked you for a moped for Xmas and you gave it to me which shows that you really don't have much brains giving a moped to a kid. I am only 10 years old, and don't know any better! What's your excuse???

Thomas Strudleman

P.S. Lucky for me I didn't ask for a Honda. I'd probably have both arms in slings and I wouldn't be able to rite you at all.

Dear Sandy Claws,

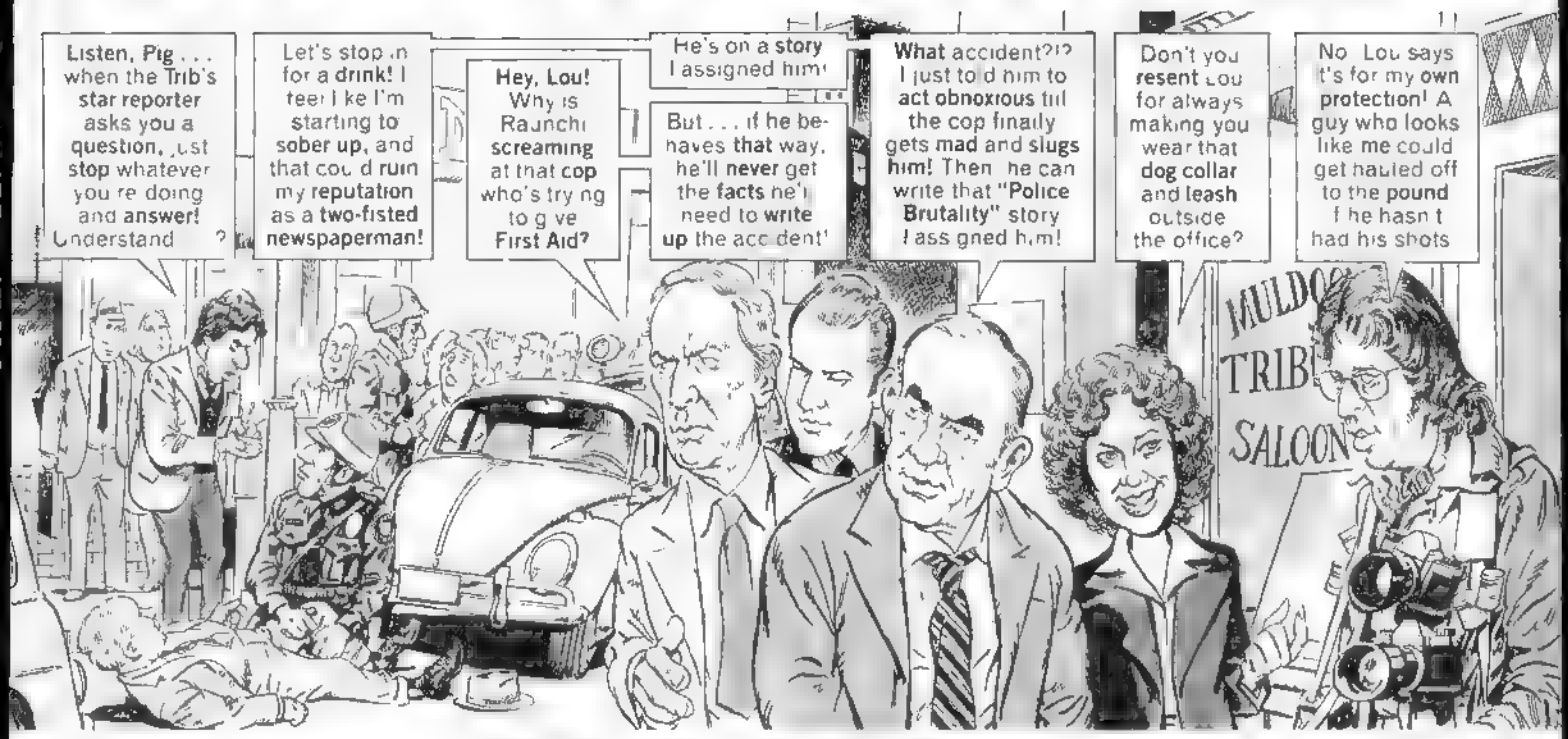
You know that ant farm you brung me for Xmas? Well, gess what happened? I dropped it and the ants excaped all over the house when we had cumpany. My mother got P.O.'D at my father and called him an idiot for getting me such a stupid toy, and my father said my ma's such a lousy house keeper a few more insects wouldn't even be noticed. It was a real neat fight. It was even better than watching T.V. So thanks a lot for the most fun I ever got from a present.

Freddie Fredonia

PRESS AND JERK DEPT.

Remember the terrific "Mary Tyler Moore Show" of a couple of seasons back? It took place in the newsroom of a mythical TV station, where a funny Editor and his funny Staff got involved in a different funny story every week. Well, that Editor now has a TV show of his own where he plays a similar role as the City Editor of a mythical newspaper. The only difference is that now he's no longer surrounded by a funny Staff . . . and the stories he gets involved in every week aren't very funny either. Which may help to explain why he's now known as . . .

Lou Grouch



ART ST. ANGELO TORRES WRITER TOM KOCH

I don't get it! I m the boss of 200 people here in the City Room, and not one of them ever speaks to me! Why?

Because they're Extras who are hired just to sit there! See, our Producer thinks they make it more believable when you and I and two reporters seem to be putting out the paper all by ourselves!

These Editorial meetings ALWAYS vote to feature my hottest local story on page one! But today, you want to headline some dull item about Portugal sinking into the ocean?!? And you call yourse f a Newspaperman?!?

No. I ca myself the Janitor! But you asked for my opinion, so I gave t to you!

When I was News Editor on the Mary Tyler Moore Show, I never had this kind of trouble . finding local stories that make me look good!

That's because your staff were talented performers who'd make ANYBODY look good! But now, you've only got US!!

CRASH

Cheer up, Lou! We'll think of a big story! How about finding a kidnapped millionaire . . . or impeaching an incompetent judge or having Raunchi pose as a mental patient to expose conditions in our State Hospitals?

Nahh! We did all that stuff last week! Besides, it was unbelievable!

WHAT was ?

Well . . . for one thing the Hospital Psychiatrists tried to tell us Raunchi was SANE!

Remember how great it was when we were just starting out in the newspaper business 25 years ago! Those were the good old days!

But we only got paid 40 bucks a week then! How can you call those "the good old days"?

Because I still had a bushy head of hair, weighed 150 pounds and made out with chicks at least twice a year!

Engine Co. 24, nvestigate a small fire in a tool shed at 18th and Oak . . .

That's it!! Our big story!! Can't you see? They're cal ing it a small fire because they don t want us to send a Reporter! But my nose for news smells something funny!

I smell something funny, too! But then, I always do when I get trapped n the same room with The Beast!

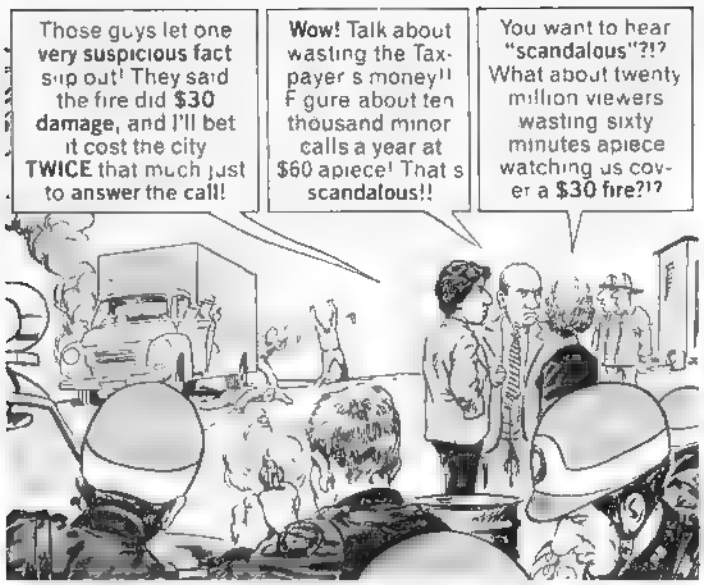
You guys can't make me divulge my sources, but I got word that this is a fire!

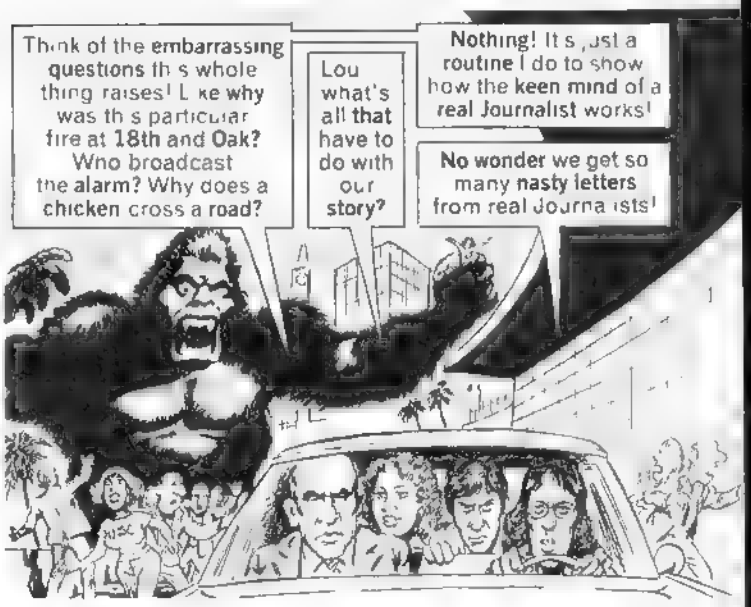
Psst! Psst! I seen the whole thing, and—

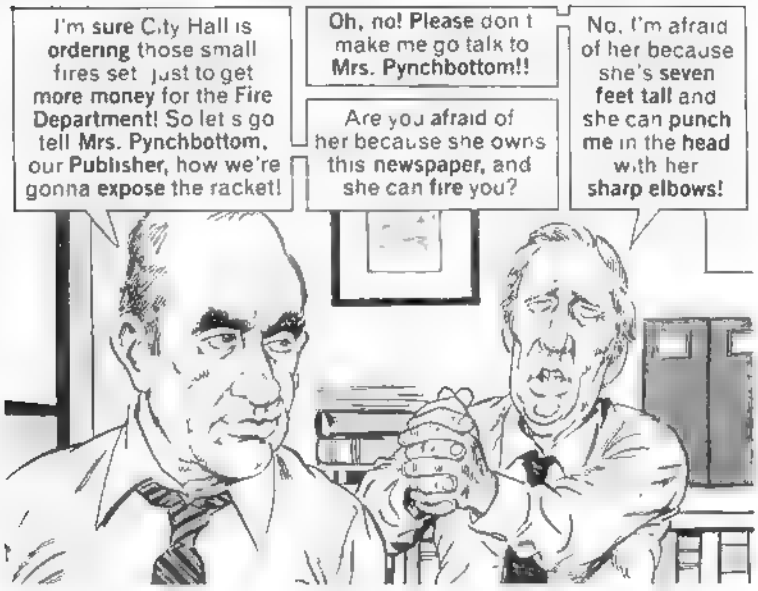
The past tense is not "I seen", you idiot! It's "I saw"! That's elementary grammar! And you call yourself a Newspaperman?!?

No I call myself an Arsonist! That s how come I seen the whole thing!

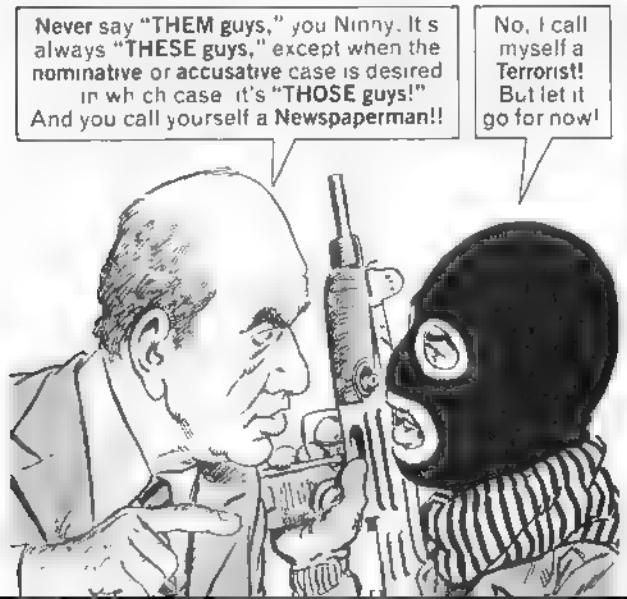
FRESH PAINT

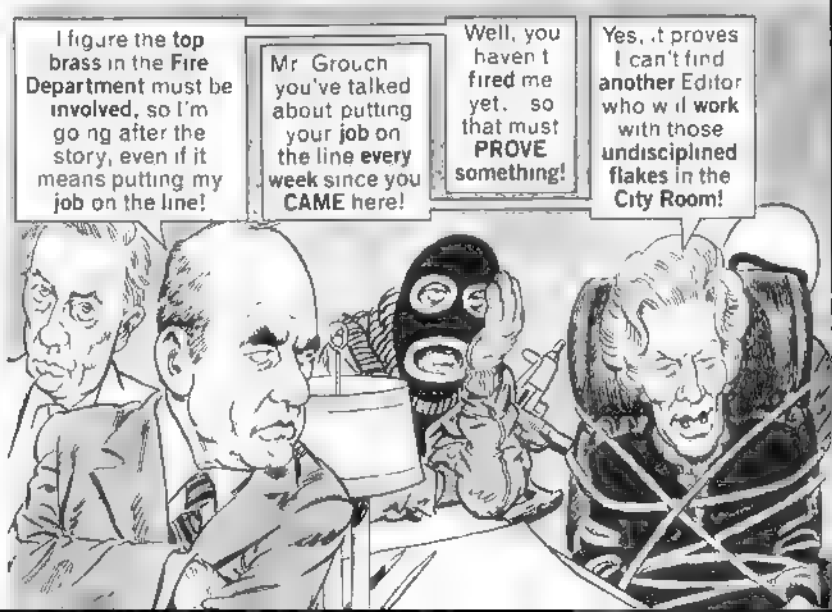

Those guys let one very suspicious fact slip out! They said the fire did $30 damage, and I'll bet it cost the city TWICE that much just to answer the call!
Wow! Talk about wasting the Taxpayer's money!! Figure about ten thousand minor calls a year at $60 apiece! That's scandalous!!
You want to hear "scandalous"?!? What about twenty million viewers wasting sixty minutes apiece watching us cover a $30 fire?!?


Think of the embarrassing questions this whole thing raises! Like why was this particular fire at 18th and Oak? Who broadcast the alarm? Why does a chicken cross a road?
Lou what's all that have to do with our story?
Nothing! It's just a routine I do to show how the keen mind of a real Journalist works!
No wonder we get so many nasty letters from real Journalists!


I'm sure City Hall is ordering those small fires set just to get more money for the Fire Department! So let's go tell Mrs. Pynchbottom, our Publisher, how we're gonna expose the racket!
Oh, no! Please don't make me go talk to Mrs. Pynchbottom!!
Are you afraid of her because she owns this newspaper, and she can fire you?
No, I'm afraid of her because she's seven feet tall and she can punch me in the head with her sharp elbows!

Thank heaven! I was hoping you'd come
I knew you'd feel that way about it! Humid wasn't even sure this Fire Department scandal was big enough to bother you with! But I remembered how you always like to get involved in exposing corruption! So I said—
HOLD IT!! Lady, who are them guys?!?


Never say "THEM guys," you Ninny. It's always "THESE guys," except when the nominative or accusative case is desired in which case it's "THOSE guys!" And you call yourself a Newspaperman!!
No, I call myself a Terrorist! But let it go for now!


I figure the top brass in the Fire Department must be involved, so I'm going after the story, even if it means putting my job on the line!
Mr. Grouch you've talked about putting your job on the line every week since you CAME here!
Well, you haven't fired me yet, so that must PROVE something!
Yes, it proves I can't find another Editor who will work with those undisciplined flakes in the City Room!

I appreciate your moral support, Mrs. P.!

Never fear! Your job as Publisher is safe in my book! *Ta-ta!* And nice to have met you, Mr. *Uhh*—

Okay, but speaking as an experienced Newspaperman, I can tell you...it's a waste of time to wear that ski mask! They hardly ever get snow in Arabia!

Wait! You can't just leave! What about my—my situation?!?

Just call me One Whose Life Is Dedicated To Vengeful Pan-Arabism!!

You shoulda heard the long-standing ovation I got from Mrs. Pynchbottom for my Fire Department idea! But, as we pursue this story, we must carry high the banner of responsible Journalism! The First Amendment is in our sacred trust, and we must—

Oh, for Pete's sake, Lou what do you want us to do?!?

I want you to shut up and hear my speech! It's the same one that earned me a medal in "High School Debating"!

SAVE PAPER

STOP WASTING PAPER—BAN THE TRIBUNE

BAN THE TRIB

And here's the best part of my plan for covering the story! Raunchi is going to wear this disguise so he can feed us the lowdown from the INSIDE...!

The lowdown from the inside of WHAT? A fish tank at the Aquarium? He looks like a sick carp!

Nahh! He's disguised as a School Crossing Guard so he can get the goods on Kindergarten Jay-Walkers!

I'd say he's probably gonna write a story on a typical day in the life of a "Flasher"!

Idiots! He's disguised as a Fireman so he can dig into the scandal! What's WRONG with you people, anyway?!?

Nothing's wrong with US!! It's YOU!! Why do you have to make a crusade out of every little story instead of writing it in simple words the way the "Gazette" does?

Because there's already a show on the air about people who write things in simple words! It's called "Sesame Street"!

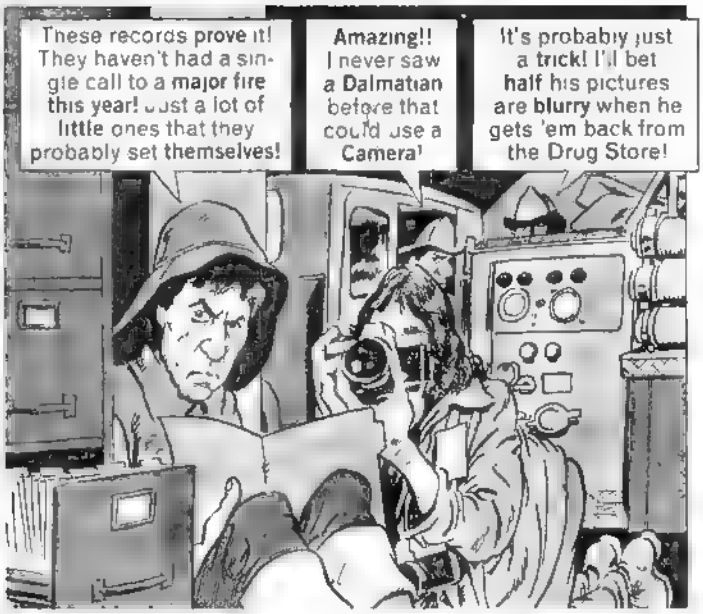
UCLA

STOP

It must be a new Rookie from the Fire Academy!

You guessed it, Smokey! Now, clear off a desk for my typewriter, and then have one of your flunkies broil a steak for my Dalmatian here.

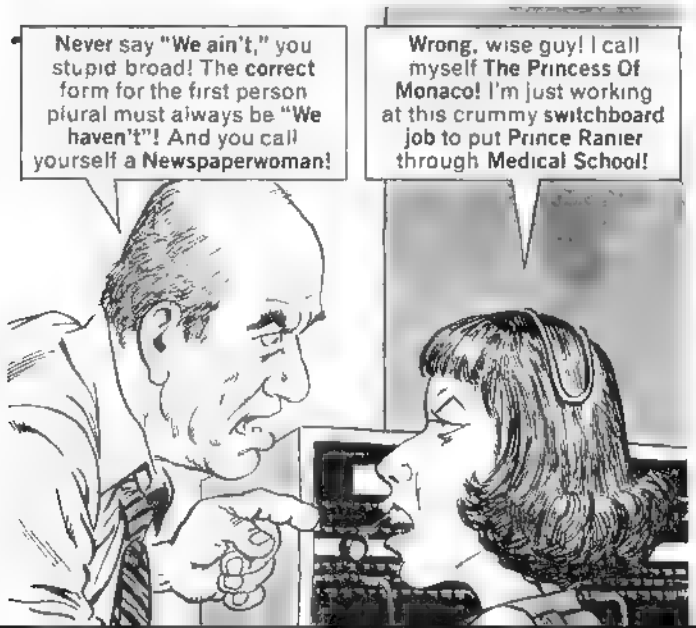
Something about this guy reminds me of a Reporter! A REAL Fireman uses an AXE to create havoc! But this guy does it with just his rotten personality!!

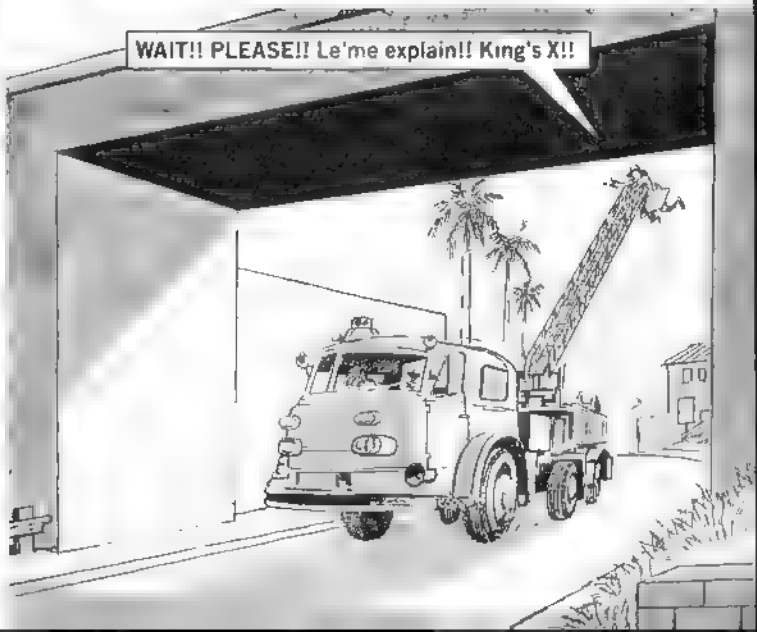

These records prove it! They haven't had a single call to a major fire this year! Just a lot of little ones that they probably set themselves!
Amazing!! I never saw a Dalmatian before that could use a Camera!
It's probably just a trick! I'll bet half his pictures are blurry when he gets 'em back from the Drug Store!

Engine Co. 17! Answer a two-alarm fire at Elm and Fifth!
Let's go! You take the back seat on the Hook-And-Ladder, Rookie!
The dog can ride up front with me! I want to ask him why my pictures are always under-exposed with an F5.6 lens setting at 1/250th!
CLANG CLANG

HEY, you guys! WAIT!! I gotta tell you something IMPORTANT!! Time out!!

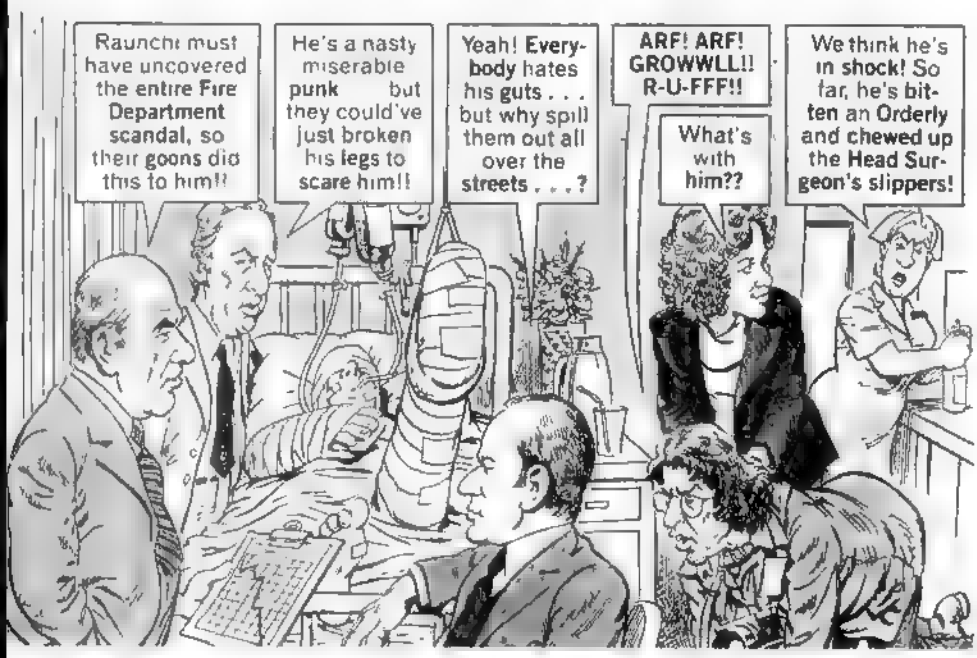
I'm getting worried about Raunchi! He still hasn't phoned in! Maybe one of those Firemen saw through his disguise!
What about calls on my private line in Raunchi's secret code which sounds like a whole lot of unprintable vulgarity?
No we ain't had anything like that, either!

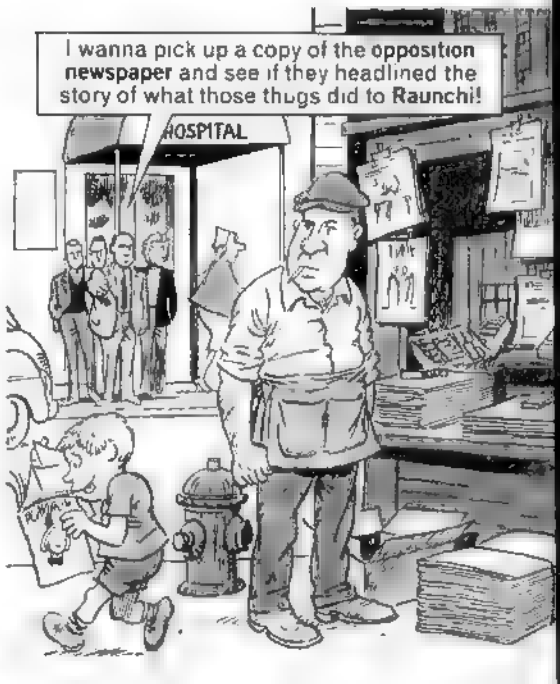

Never say "We ain't," you stupid broad! The correct form for the first person plural must always be "We haven't"! And you call yourself a Newspaperwoman!
Wrong, wise guy! I call myself The Princess Of Monaco! I'm just working at this crummy switchboard job to put Prince Ranier through Medical School!


WAIT!! PLEASE!! Le'me explain!! King's X!!

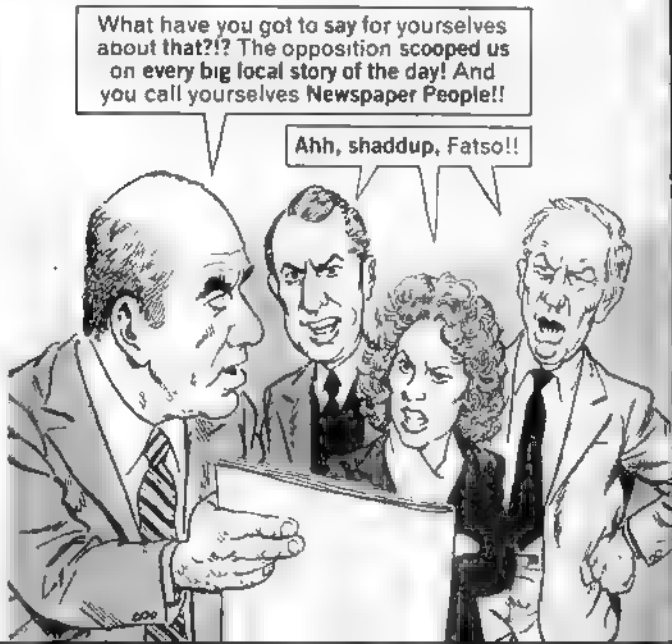
SPLAT!

CRUNCH
BAR GRILL
SCREEEEECHH


Raunchi must have uncovered the entire Fire Department scandal, so their goons did this to him!!
He's a nasty miserable punk but they could've just broken his legs to scare him!!
Yeah! Everybody hates his guts . . . but why spill them out all over the streets . . . ?
ARF! ARF! GROWWLL!! R-U-FFF!!
What's with him??
We think he's in shock! So far, he's bitten an Orderly and chewed up the Head Surgeon's slippers!

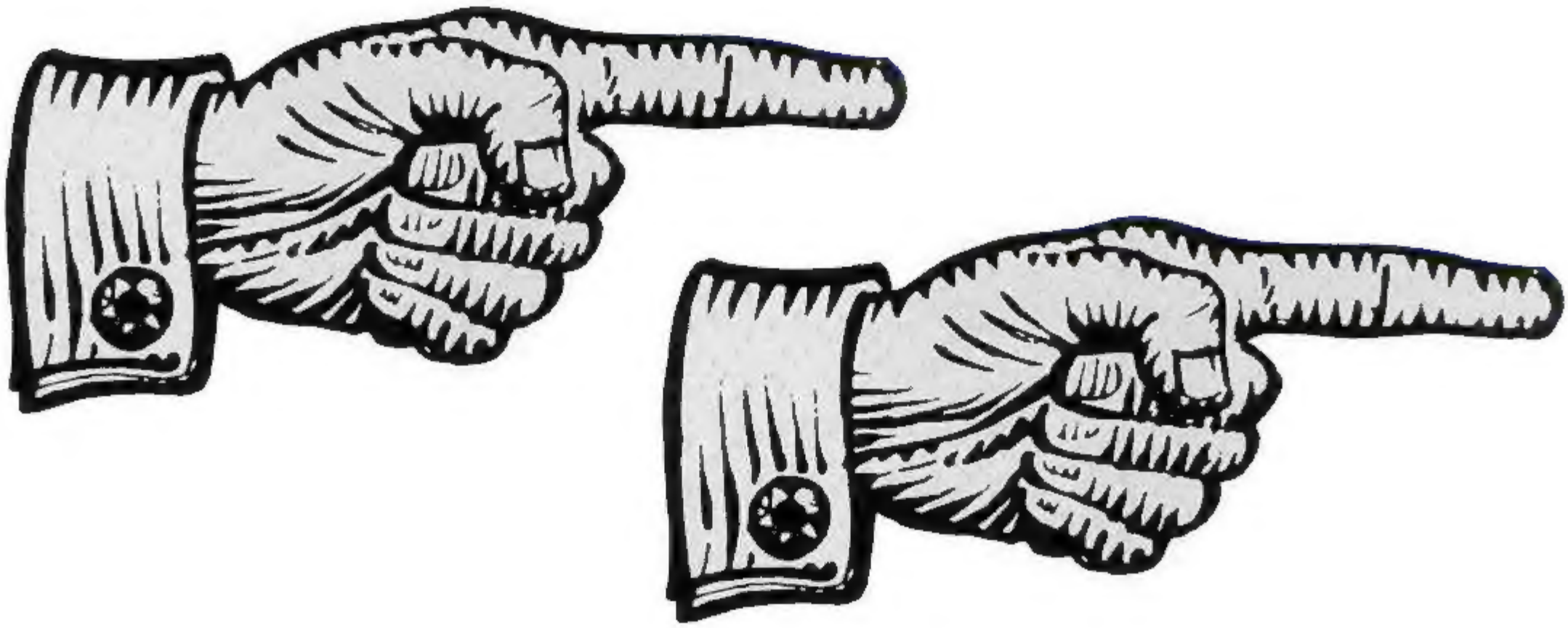

I wanna pick up a copy of the opposition newspaper and see if they headlined the story of what those thugs did to Raunchi!
HOSPITAL

YOICKS!!
The Los Angeles Gazette
PLANE HITS TRIBUNE OFFICE
GIANT APE LOOSE IN L.A.
TRIB PICKETS AND COPS IN SCUFFLE
POLICE, GANGSTERS IN BIG SHOOT-OUT
TERRORIST GRABS TRIB PUBLISHER


What have you got to say for yourselves about that?!? The opposition scooped us on every big local story of the day! And you call yourselves Newspaper People!!
Ahh, shaddup, Fatso!!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT'S THE MOST SICKENING THING ON T.V. TODAY?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Television today has something to offend everyone. But there's one particular thing on TV that is really disgusting. To find out what it is, fold in the page as shown

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

A▸ ◂B

Jaffee

WHAT'S THE MOST SICKENING THING ON T.V. TODAY?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

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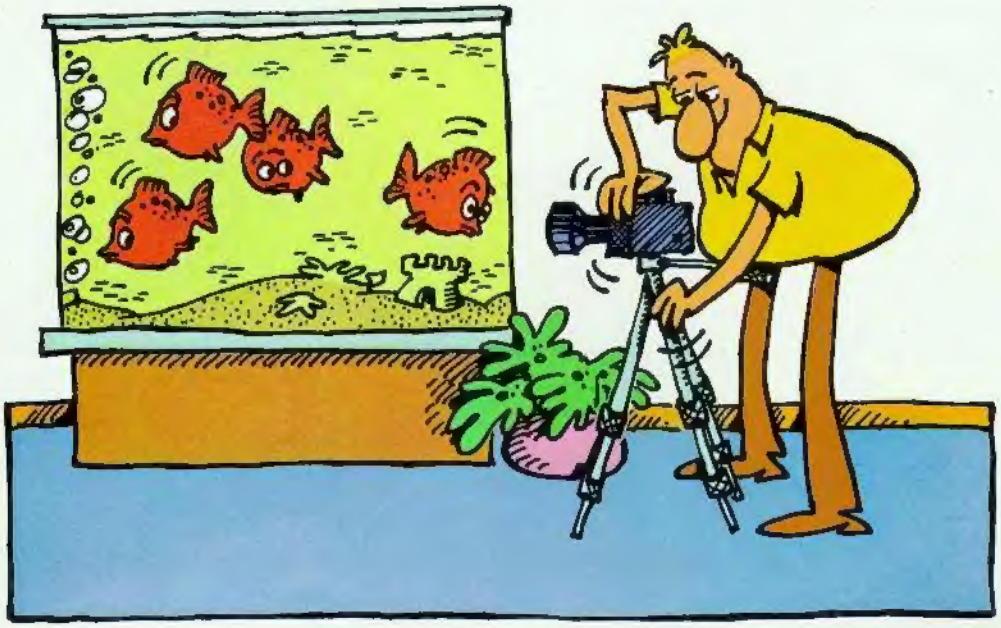

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES